A CHANCE FOR UNKNOWN GIRLS — See page 13

Movie Weekly

December 22, 1923

10¢

She was too nice for HOLLYWOOD until

What I think of Dad by Douglas FAIRBANKS, Jr.

Gilda Gray

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

150

Vol III

MOVIE WEEKLY

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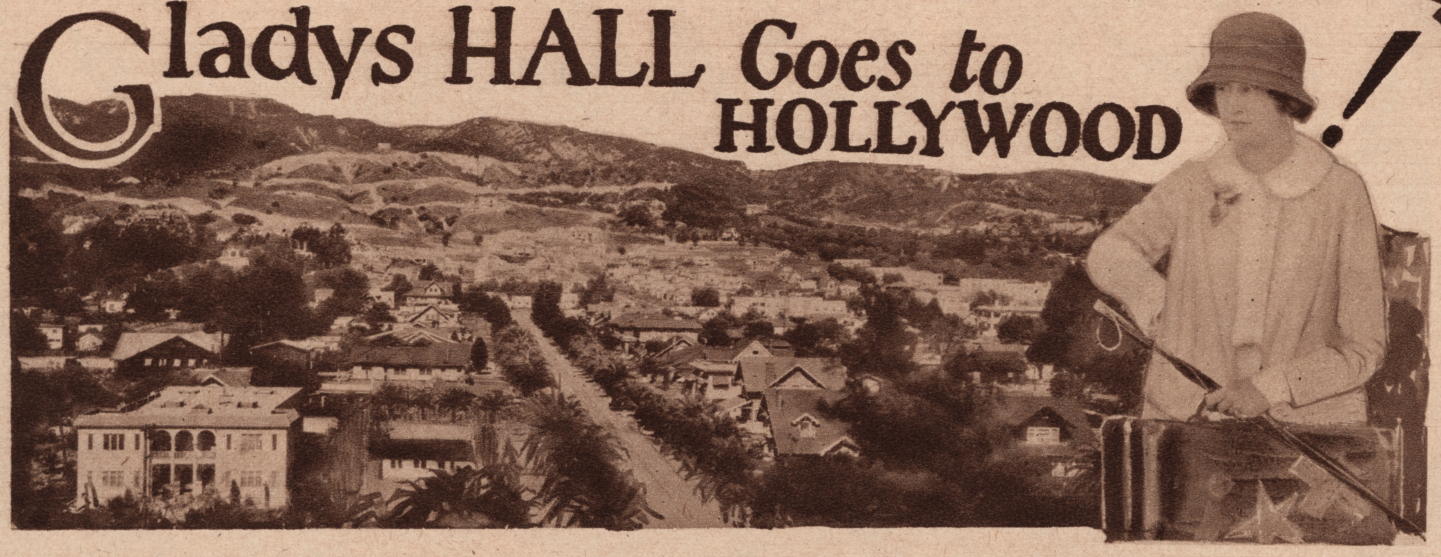
No. 46

Gladys HALL Goes to HOLLYWOOD!



Coming

Go West, Young Woman!

And Gladys Hall, star representative of Movie Weekly, went!. Yes, sir, she's gone to Hollywood to meet the screen folk of the West Coast film mecca, and then tell the readers of this magazine all about it.

Therefore, in next week's issue of Movie Weekly you will read "What Hollywood Means to Me," by Gladys Hall. Miss Hall will recount her arrival in the most picturesque town in America and her reception by the hosts of screen stars about whom she has often written.

It's a close-up, intimate view of Hollywood and its people as they exist today, and you don't want to miss it.

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

THURSDAY!

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("All manuscripts and drawings submitted for consideration are sent at owner's risk.")

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FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!

Here's *Pauline Garon*, the screen's flappiest flapper—Learn what *Pauline* has to say about 'em

By Carolyn Carter

THAT piquant personage of Pictureland, known to playgoers as Pauline Garon, drew a silver-tipped cigarette from a blue enamelled case.

"I'm perfectly mad about flappers," she announced enthusiastically, and then, reverently, almost tearfully, "oh, if only I were one of them!"

This bolt from the blue, as it were, from the flappiest flapper in filmdom, caused us to voice a protest at once.

"Ah, no," lamented our hostess, "I'm far too old to be a flapper. You see, I'm almost twenty-two, and to be a regular 18-karat, bona fide flapper one must be between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. After eighten one is, ahem, a young lady, and what, I ask you, can serve to dampen one's joy of living as effectually as the thought of being a lady? Ugh, it's really too horrible! Heavens, it's positively—gracious, there I go again—you know," confidentially, "I talk too much."

"What," we ventured, "is the essential difference between the flapper and the young lady?"

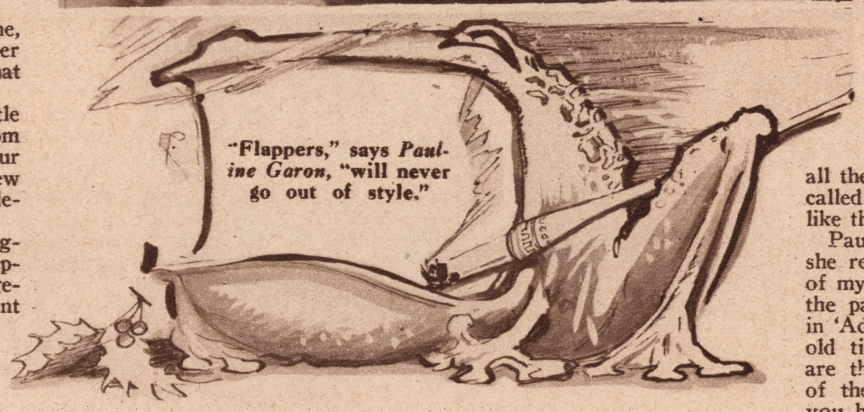
"Let me see," returned Pauline, "how I'll explain it. Did you ever have anything in your mind that you couldn't express exactly?"

We might have helped the little lady out by saying it was seldom enough that we had anything on our mind, but, we figured, she's a new acquaintance, let her do her own detective work.

"Well," Pauline continued eagerly, "the young lady is to the flapper what marriage is to an engagement. You know, an engagement is an engagement, full of love and excitement and expectancy, and marriage is just marriage—and the end of everything! Say, am I talking a blue streak? If I am, just stop me. Oh, here's the Crab Flake!" as the waiter set it before her. "Isn't it divine? I can see where I get the ten pounds back, Why is it that everything we like is jammed full of cream sauces and calories? Isn't it disheartening, and one has just got to keep slender!"

We could scarcely conceal our admiration for this petite Pauline, the little French-Canadian with the delightful accent, the frequent lapses into French and the captivating trick of shrugging her slim shoulders.

Just at first she reminds one of a beautiful doll with hair like spun gold, a pink and white complexion *au naturelle* and wide gray eyes. But then, you figure, she has much too much vivacity and spontaneity to be classed in the doll category.



"Flappers," says *Pauline Garon*, "will never go out of style."

"Is it true," we ventured, "that flappers have gone out of style?"

"FLAPPERS," announced Miss Garon, "will never go out of style. The fact is they were never in style. They've always been and always will be—like love and bills and eternity—you know, just keep going on forever and ever. Of course, they may not continue to wear the outward signs of the flapper fraternity—galoshes, giddy ties and gay hats; but the flapper heart will beat as steadfastly—I think I coined that one myself—as steadfastly under rags or royal raiment as it does under the baggy sports blouse. God love 'em! I'm talking too much, aren't I—am I not? How about a demitasse?"

"Tell us something about Pauline now," we suggested.

"There's really nothing to tell about me," she said, and then her face lighted as if by inspiration, "but there's the club! It's out in Hollywood and some of us actresses—yes, shades of the immortal Bernhardt—just for fun we sometimes call ourselves actresses—belong to the club. We call ourselves The Regulars. Our object is to give one-act plays and benefits for different charities."

"A work worthy of commendation," we ventured. "What, by the way, is your latest picture?"

"'The Turmoil,'" returned Pauline, "adapted from Rex Beach's story. I think you'll like it. By the way, did you see Colleen Moore in 'Flaming Youth?' My dear, she's simply marvelous—wonderful doesn't begin to express it. I've just written and told her so, too. Mercy, don't I talk?"

AND Pauline took a letter from her bag and opened it. Out tumbled a lot of newspaper clippings containing nice things the critics had said about Colleen.

One hears so much about professional jealousy, and here was this little girl, not only sending congratulations in the form of a veritable literary outburst to a girl who had been assigned the part she herself had longed to play, but was enclosing the effusions of those lofty men of genius (?) the critics.

"We have heard that Colleen is an adorable flapper in 'Flaming Youth,'" we said. "She must have had a perfectly glorious time doing all the wild and reckless things the scenario called for. Wouldn't you just love a part like that?"

Pauline almost leaped out of her seat as she replied, "Would I? The happiest days of my life were the days when I was living the part of the irrepressible, peppy flapper in 'Adam's Rib.' You can bet I had a great old time. I adore flappers. I think they are the most interesting and joyous brand of the fair sex. Life is never dull while you have a little flapper flapping around.

"So, the idea of being a perfect lady does not hand you a thrill?"

Again the cute shrug of the shoulders as she said, "It's disgusting. I do not want to become a lady until I've passed my sixtieth birthday and even then I hope I'll have life enough left to register a kick. My goodness, look at the time. Did I talk that long?"

As we rose to go, Pauline whipered, "Let's have tea next Tuesday. I really haven't had a chance to say anything to you."

And then, off flapped filmdom's flappiest flapper.

"Vive la Garon!" was what we should like to have called after her.

Too Good for Hollywood!

She was just a sweet little dumb-bell and the public had grown tired of screen heroines who were beautiful but dumb, so the doors of the studios were closed against her. What was she to do? She gave a whole long hour to heavy thought, and then she reached her decision. She would go East, buy a lot of new clothes and then—but read the story

By Hazel Shelley

GOLDIE MONROE was too good for Hollywood. Time was when she had been the Magnificent Picture Corporation's best bet. Her golden beauty and natural sweetness had made her one of the most popular ingenues of the screen. But with the advent of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, curls and blondes had gone out of fashion. The popular pose was one of sophistication topped off by a hint of mystery and a bright red temper, popularly called temperament.

Goldie was well aware of the trend of the times for she was not nearly so wooden as her reputation, but she reasoned it all out in her own mind: the public was not such a dear old dumb-bell as the exhibitors fondly imagined. The people would continue to welcome a regular girl on their screen.

In vain her press agent pleaded to be allowed to plant some mystery about her white and gold personality. He recalled to her mind the great success of the vamp reputed to have been born in the shadows of the Pyramids.

"How far would Zelda have gone if the people knew that she was plucked from New York's East Side?" he demanded in disgust.

He taunted her with the rapidly increasing popularity of jazzy Bernice Bray who had risen to fame on the press yarn of a Spanish countess grandmother, when in reality she had been picked up in the Los Angeles foreign quarter.

"I'm no fool, Heinie," Goldie protested, "I know those girls are growing more popular every day. But if Magnificent would only give me some decent stories, something in which I can show them I can emote, I bet you the public would be ready to acclaim me without any of those darn lies. I'm a regular girl. That's me. That's my line and I'll stick to it." Her round blue eyes filled with silvery tears for a moment. Heinie knew it was useless to argue further. Nevertheless he ventured on another tack.

"If you will only let me hint of a love affair between you and Jack Meade . . ." Meade was one of the three famous directors in Hollywood.

Goldie's flash of temper would have done credit to a Pola. "I stand on my own feet or not at all," she raged.

"All right, all right, don't get excited. I'll do my best with your good little girl stuff. But don't forget I warned you."

It was all very well for Goldie to stick to her principles when she was drawing down twelve hundred a week. The blow that shattered her illusions came when Magnificent informed her that her contract would not be renewed at its expiration. Goldie almost showed them she was not so blah as she looked. With every fibre of her being she wanted to tell Magnificen that had they given her good stories with an ounce of drama in them and a half way competent director, her pictures would have drawn well enough. Casting her in the same asinine ingenue role picture after picture was enough to blight any star. Her natural pride aided in conquering her impulse to tell the manager of Magnificent Pictures exactly what she thought of him. Without a quiver of her perfect features she said "Very well" and "Good-bye." Nothing more.

Her voice was quite toneless under the mastery of her will power not to break down. The officials of Magnificent attributed it to her lack of brains.

"Oh, *Jack!*" she cried happily. "How did you ever know me?"

"Not even sense enough to get angry," they agreed.

TIMES grew pathetic for Goldie. By a determined effort she retained a strong faith in her own particular star, and a belief in her power to make good. But a complete round of the heads of the various film companies, men who had known her personally and whom she had entertained often in her exquisite Beverly Hills home, brought her invariably the same answer.

"Sorry, Goldie. We are cutting down our production these days. Couldn't possibly add another star to our program."

Goldie began to draw on her savings. She had sunk the greater part of her salary in her home. In order to keep it she had to dig deep into her savings account. The house was large and required normally a butler, cook and two maids. It sheltered her mother who was absolutely dependent upon her and a married sister whose marriage had not turned out well.

Goldie parted first with her two maids. She kept the butler because he could play chauffeur for her as well, and as he was devoted to Goldie he made no kick about doubling his jobs. She kept the cook because she felt that to have good food was economy of the best kind, and told Madge, her sister, that she would have to see that the house was kept in order.

Madge took to her job like synthetic vermouth—somewhat bitter.

"You're a little fool" was her sisterly way of putting it. "You could have been starring right now if you hadn't been such a prude."

"By prude you mean if I had week-ended with Jim Epstein."

"Well?"

"Well" mocked Goldie. "I'll tell you right here and now that if I can't make good at this game and stay straight, I'll leave it that's all. I want something more out of life than a box of grease paint. Some day I want a home . . . and kiddies."

"Sentimental little fool!"

There the matter rested. Goldie continued to go around, to be seen prettily dressed and with plenty of men hanging about her, for she was good fun and a merry soul. None of them took her seriously or attempted to get fresh with her. They knew the spotlessness of her reputation.

She had more partners at a dance than any of the snaky vamps. She was a good dancer and not above fitting her steps to her partners. Then she was a good listener to all their troubles, and to all their heavy love affairs. But all this didn't get her a job.

Now Hollywood has its traditions. One of them is: Once a star always a star, or be ranked as a has-been.

No one knew this better than Goldie. She faced the fact every time she was alone. She dreamt of it as she tossed restlessly in her creamy white silk sheets at night.

Should she or should she not offer herself as a lead? Day after day she put off this tragic step, until her bank account dwindled so startlingly that she faced the necessity of further retrenchments.

To sell her car or house meant publishing to the world that she was down and out. Worse than that, it meant that she would probably never be able to climb up again. Hollywood is like that. Things count so much. Youth is hailed with heady smiles of encouragement, but the one who has once been on top and is slipping is very much in the position of a king who has passed away. Hollywood daily acclaims some new king.

ONLY after countless sleepless nights had washed her wide blue eyes of their peacefulness and put despair in their depths did Goldie finally approach Schuler who was casting for a big special.

He greeted her with an expansive grin. Many a happy cocktail had he imbibed at her rather famous dinner parties.

"Hello Goldie old girl. What can I do for you?"

"You can give me a part in your new special, Sam." Goldie came straight to the point.

Sam Schuler frowned worriedly. He took her dainty white hand and patted it between his two fat paws.

"I'd do anything for you Goldie. But honestly I can't give you the lead in 'The Flame.' It's a heavy emotional part. You have never done anything but light comedy. I wouldn't dare experiment."

GOLDIE snatched her hand away impatiently while a quick flush mounted under her transparent white skin.

"You can give me a chance can't you? I'll make good."

"Sure you will Goldie, but not in this part. You are beautiful, yes. But it's beauty that's too darn cold for this day and age in pictures. They want passionate beauty, my dear, the kind that'll knock 'em off their feet. You're too much like a marble Venus. I can't take the chance. If this picture flops I'll be out three hundred thousand dollars."

Unless you know how a dog feels when he's catalogued for a show, or a racehorse that's on sale, you can't possibly realize Goldie's sensations.

Here she was exactly twenty-three years old and they were trying to prove to her that she was a dead one.

She tossed back her fine gold covered head with something that was very nearly a snort of rage. Her blue eyes flashed furiously. On poor, fat Sam Schuler's mahogany desk she beat her futile little white fists 'till the blood sprung at the knuckles.

"I'll make you get down on your knees and beg me to play for you, Sam Shuler. You wait and see. I'm not such a dumb-bell as you all think."

With that she flounced out of his office and away from the studio without a backward glance.

Sam Schuler caught his breath. "By Gad," he cried, "I didn't think she had it in her. If she ever gets that spark on the screen she'll photograph like a house afire."

But when he went to call on her that evening the butler informed him that Miss Monroe had left town.

Several days afterwards the Los Angeles papers carried the story that Goldie Monroe had sold her magnificent Beverly Hills home and left Hollywood with her mother and sister for an indefinite visit in her old home town in Texas where she had enormous oil interests.

This was the first line of publicity that Goldie had received in many a day. But she was too hurt to care one way or the other. Her pride, her ambition, her heart were hurt. Her very soul ached with an almost intolerable pain. Day by day she repeated to herself:

"I will make good, I will."

But how?

In the end she divided the money she had received from the fortunate sale of her home among her mother, sister and herself.

"That will have to keep you for a long, long time," she warned them disparagingly. Then she kissed them good-bye.

"I am going to New York," she explained to her sister. "You are not to try to find me, neither are you to let anyone know that I have left, or I will never do anything more for you—understand?"

Madge was forced to agree and promised that she would keep their mother from worrying.

With no other luggage than a small satchel, Goldie made her way to New York. Her plans which had been very indefinite when she said good-bye to her sister were gradually and very definitely shaping themselves.

In New York she took a small room in the upper forties and spent most of her days and a good part of her money in the most exclusive shops and beauty parlors.

When she finally boarded the train for Los Angeles her own mother would not have recognized her. Gone were her golden curls and in their stead her small shapely head was crowned with silky coal black hair, bound very straight and very severely to her head. Her transparent skin seemed doubly white and translucent by contrast while a very faint make-up about the eyes seemed to lend what had once been baby blue orbs an air of green-

"You are beautiful, yes, but it's a beauty that's too darn cold for pictures!"

ish mystery. Her well formed mouth was a tantalizing vivid gash of crimson.

Even her figure seemed changed. Whereas before she had seemed frankly round and plump, she now gave the impression of slender alluring grace. All her beloved pink and baby blue chiffons had been discarded and in their place she had trunks full of long, graceful sweeping garments. Clingy and black and shimmering—hinting clothes but not revealing. There were long green velvets and sweeping cloths of gold which made her skin seem more alabaster than human until one looked at her mouth and felt that the marble was lit by a fire beneath.

Nobody recognized her in Hollywood. At the hotel she registered as Nola Knight.

After an evening of perfect rest she bathed and dressed herself with greatest care. A long luring gown of black flat crepe was relieved by long jade earrings and the red of her mouth. A smart black hat, long slender green shoes with the sheerest of chiffon stockings completed her costume. Well satisfied that no one would recognize the alluring creature that looked out at her from her mirror as the pink and white Goldie, Nola stepped out and took a taxicab to the studio of Jack Meade, perhaps the greatest of the three great directors in Hollywood.

People looked at her curiously from the inner office. But she ignored them completely. Once upon a time the Goldie-that-was would have had a cheery smile for them all. Imperiously she handed a note to the boy at the window.

"Take this to Mr. Meade and tell him I am waiting in the office."

"Righto," chirpt that Myrmidon who had the reputation with all the extras of being a hard-hearted, unvampable brute. "Come in and wait if you want to."

Once Goldie would have smiled and said, "Oh, don't bother. I'd just as soon wait out here."

TODAY she walked in gracefully, regally. The boy backed off hurriedly, came back breathlessly.

"Mr. Meade will see you at once."

The famous director rose from his desk and greeted her eagerly.

"This note says you are a very dear friend of Miss Monroe. Any friend of hers is a friend of mine. Won't you sit down?"

Nola did. Jack Meade's eyes followed her admiringly but without a hint of recognition.

He spoke hastily. "Do tell me about Goldie. Is she well? Is she happy? I have worried about her."

"Yes?"

"Of course. She left without even saying good-bye. I understand how she felt, poor child, with her castle of cards tumbling about her head. She is not fitted temperamentally for a movie star. No egotism, no spark that would get across. The most beautiful girl I ever saw, but the screen needs more than mere beauty nowadays. Too bad she is so insistent on a screen career. She would have made some man a wonderful wife."

"But you forget that she has a mother and sister to support."

"You know her very well, don't you," said Jack keenly.

"I ought to, she is my best friend."

"I . . . tried to make Goldie understand that any man would be only too happy to care for her mother . . . . and her sister as well, if he could have her as his wife . . . ——But there, Miss Knight, Goldie says you want to get in pictures. Had any experience?"

"A little." Nola named a small company in New York.

"I see. Well, we'll have a test taken and see what we can do for you. I am casting my new picture in a few days and I may find a small part for you."

Nola held out her hand and thanked him graciously. The man was surprised at the thrill of that casual contact.

Several days later he himself conducted the test.

When he saw the results he drove after Nola.

"I'm going to give you the big emotional lead in my picture," he said. "You'll have to work frightfully hard, follow my directions, obey me minutely. I don't dare have this picture flop. All my resources are going into it. But girl alive, it's worth taking a chance. Even Pola herself hasn't a greater sex appeal on the screen than you. And the public's ready for a newcomer. It means devilishly hard work for you. Are you game?"

"When do we start?" said Nola.

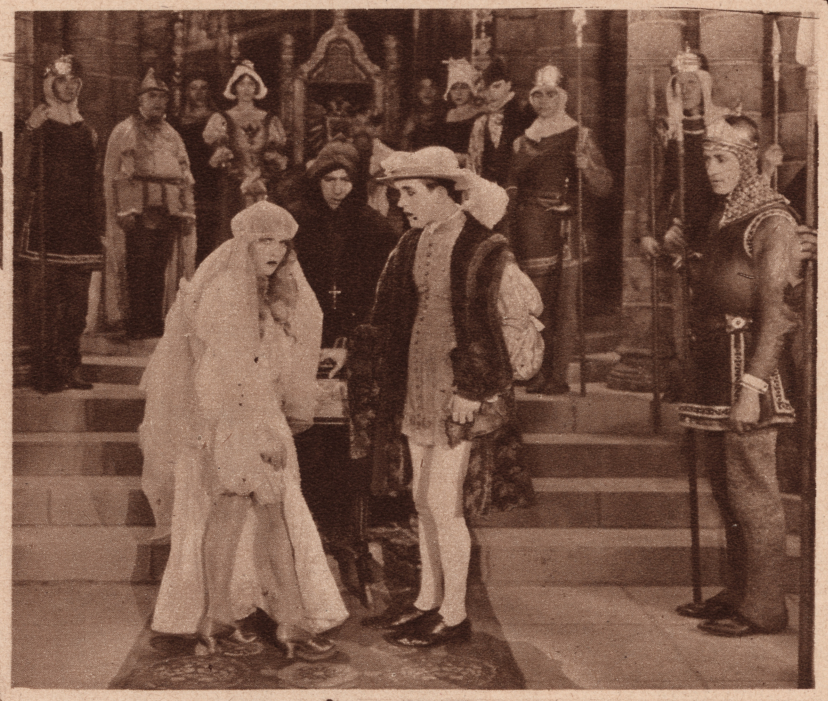
She allowed herself no relaxation until "Life's Harvest" was finished. Half of her salary she sent surreptitiously to her mother in Texas. The rest was ample to keep her in her semi-retirement.

But with the picture's release she found herself the rage of the day. Nola Knight struck

(Continued on page 30)

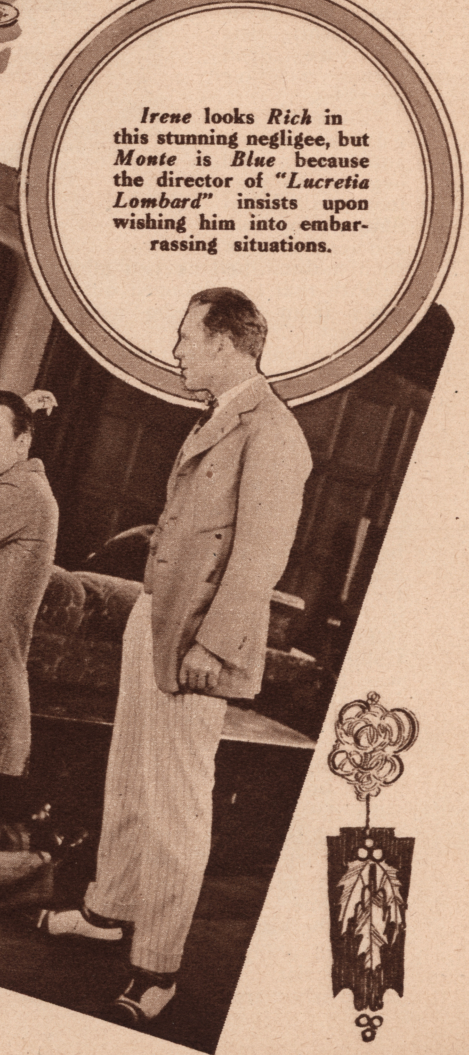
When Million Dollar Stars feel like Thirty Cents

We don't know why *Claude Gillingwater* should look so guilty unless *Constance Talmadge* as *"Dulcy"* is a lady whom he has been trying to conceal from his wife.



"When Knights Were Cold" is the title of this *Stan Laurel* picture, but judging from appearances, ladies may be cold if the temperature should drop.

It is easy to see that *Bert Lytell* is not a family man. He may be married, but he's not a father, for see how he's got this baby—all *mixed up*.



Irene looks *Rich* in this stunning negligee, but *Monte* is *Blue* because the director of *"Lucretia Lombard"* insists upon wishing him into embarrassing situations.

In *"Sixty Cents an Hour,"* *Walter Hiers* doesn't look as though he had enough dough for a second of *Jacqueline Logan's* valuable time.

Just like his DAD!

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, who is a new addition to the ranks of _screen stars_, has same _engaging charm_ that made his _father_ popular

By David A. Balch

HE'S a handsome lad, this Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with his broad, engaging smile and his air of boyish friendliness. He is tall for fourteen and as advanced in nearly every other way, as you learn when you chat with him and feel the friendly, appraising scrutiny of his smiling, honest blue eyes. He is a nice boy, an awfully nice boy, and wonderfully, you come presently to conclude, like his talented and famous dad.

We met Doug, Jr., in the lobby of the Algonquin about two days after the premiere of "Stephen Steps Out" at the Rivoli. Lest you don't know it who should, "Stephen Steps Out" is a movie in which young Doug makes his screen debut, following faithfully in his father's footsteps. His air of pleasant friendliness was quite unlike other members of his sex we have met who, at an astonishingly youthful age, have succeeded in manifesting their personalities screenwise in quite extraordinary fashion. No, he was just as simple and nice as a properly brought up boy would be and never at any time anything more than a normal boy would be.

"Douglas," we said, seeking a short-cut to his interest, "you sure have crashed through in great shape."

He grinned at us amiably and agreed.

"Yes," he said indeterminately, and that was all and the incident seemed to warrant mention. Never, we observed, in comment upon the fight, had we known such nervous tension since a morning nine years before, when we witnessed an electrocution in Sing Sing Prison. At this point, young Douglas became galvanized with interest.

"I've always admired Dad tremendously," young *Doug* declared, "and I've wanted to do the things that he does on the screen."

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., famous screen star and father of *Doug, Jr.*

"You saw an electrocution?" he asked eagerly, and from this on he was clay in our hands.

"How do you like the movies?" we asked, conscious that here was a boy to whom the screen, despite the fact that he had a movie-famous father, was as great a novelty as it was to ourself.

"Oh, I like them fine," he answered with his unvarying smile. "Of course Dad's being in them has given me a greater interest than I probably otherwise would have had, but now that I'm in them myself, I feel that it's just the sort of work I like to do and want to do."

"We've heard," we remarked, "that you were writing a play. Is that so?"

He nodded with a shy, defensive smile as though he feared we were kidding him.

"What kind of a play is it?" we continued quite seriously.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "a sort of a—comedy-drama."

"Well, it's a great business, that of play writing," we murmured. "We see weird and wonderful specimens of it almost every time we go to the theatre. There's one good thing, however, about the work itself, and that is—it's easy to find examples of what *not* to do."

HE SMILED at us uncertainly, and we changed the subject.

"We're told," we said, "that there is no heart interest in 'Stephen Steps Out.' Is your next picture to be the same?—without a *heroine*, that is?"

He nodded brightly, still searching our face with his honest, boyish eyes.

"They seem to like it that way," he answered quietly. The "they" he mentioned meant, we thought, the public, and we let it go at that.

"Has your Dad's method had much effect on your screen personality?" we asked, fearing the moment we had spoken that it might be beyond his depth. But he came back with such instant understanding of our inquiry that it reminded us more than ever of the boyishly direct habit of thought that Doug, Sr., enjoys. Like his father, the boy is as definite and direct in his reactions as a matter of chemistry.

"I think it did to some extent," he replied. "Of

"How," we pressed, "did you do it?" We were curious to know just how *he* figured that he had.

But if he had thought of it at all, he gave no sign, for with a smiling shrug, as though waiting for us to answer the gag, he simply murmured, "I don't know."

At this juncture our colloquy was halted by the approach of Robert E. Sherwood, with whom we exchanged a word or two regarding the Dempsey-Firpo fight. We had, curiously enough, witnessed the latter exhibition seated next to Mr. Sherwood

(*Continued on page 29*)

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The GIRL WHO WAS NEVER SAFE

The beauty of Grace Harper was such as to place her in constant peril from the maddened advances of men. But, secure in the confidence of her strong young arms, she never hesitated to go anywhere, scorning what might happen to her—and much did, as you will learn in this fascinating instalment of the rapid-fire serial

By John R. Coryell

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Society had gathered for sports at Santa Isabella, one of the most beautiful resorts in California. Just before the two hundred and twenty-yard dash, in which only men are entered, beautiful, athletic Grace Harper, poorly dressed, asks to be allowed to run in the race. She wins, and receives a ten dollar gold piece, then rushes home to tell her parents and to take the money to the man who holds the mortgage on her father's home. On the lonely road she meets a stranger.

He stops her and demands a kiss. Grace discovers it is young Don Morton, notorious for his escapades. She strikes him with her whip and rides away. On her way back she is captured by Don Morton's men and brought to a lonely house. She succeeds in locking Morton in a room and escapes from him. However, on her ride home she is again pursued.

Being a remarkable riflewoman, Grace scares away her pursuers and arrives home safely. She does not tell her father about the affair with young Don Morton. The thought that he and Will, a childhood chum, had both told her she was beautiful, sticks in her mind, and when she sees a beauty contest advertised in one of the magazines, she enters. The prize is a thousand dollars and she hopes to win it and pay off the mortgage on her father's home. She sends her picture and is accepted as a contestant. Don Morton succeeds in bringing her to a loney spot to meet him by sending her a message that someone who has had an accident needs her.

Some of her friends pass them and see them together, and when she returns to town she discovers that Don Morton has spread malicious stories concerning her character. She goes after him in a rage and meets one of his aides. She captures him and takes him to town to clear her good name.

After clearing herself of the accusations made by Don Morton, she leaves for San Francisco to enter the beauty contest. She is met at the station by a man who pretends he has been sent to call for her by Mrs. Sharp the woman she was to stop with. Thus she is again made a prisoner in an old shack miles from town. Don Morton appears and Grace realizes he is at the back of the plot. He suggests a trip to Europe. After he leaves the room, Grace discovers a means of escape through a hole in the floor.

That roar from thousands of delighted spectators was their involuntary acknowledgment of *Grace's* surpassing beauty.

IT was natural enough for Grace to hesitate on the verge of an act which meant so much to her, but she realized that the time now was for swift and continuous action. She turned on the light to enable her to pack her bundle so that she could see just what she was doing. She tested the ceiling with one foot, pressing down on it with gradually increasing force until she felt that she was on the point of breaking it. The lath seemed old and brittle; she moved her foot over the space she wished to break through, pressing it down at every point until she had the entire space in a condition to give way.

Then she rapidly and almost furiously began to thrust her foot through, not even waiting to know if the falling plaster had disturbed any of the occupants of the house; and when the hole was large enough she let herself slip through it, clinging to the sheet, the end of which she had already thrust through the opening. Her bundle she dragged after her, and in a few moments found herself standing on the floor of the room below in the midst of perfect darkness, excepting for a slight illumination that came through the hole in the ceiling over her head, and which was not enough to enable her to see any of the objects in the room in which she stood.

HER first act was to snatch her revolver and hold it in her hand, ready for any attack which might be made on her if her entrance to the room had been heard.

Not a sound came to her ears, however, and after standing quite still for a while she began to move cautiously across the floor in the direction of the door, for she took it for granted that the door of that room would be in the same place as the door in the one above.

And so it turned out to be. Her hand felt the panels of the door and moved about in search of the knob, her heart throbbing violently as she considered the possibility of the door being locked and fastened on the other side.

But no, she was not to meet with that disappointment after all her courageous struggling; the knob turned stiffly, and the door opened on creaking hinges in response to her pull. She stopped, and the perspiration started out on her forehead. Freedom seemed so near. Would the creaking hinges betray her?

Carefully, slowly, she opened the door until it was wide enough to permit her to pass through. A dim light from the hall lamp enabled her to see with sufficient clearness, and now she could hear the murmur of voices, though she could not locate the speakers.

Holding her revolver ready for use in one hand, while her bundle swung in the other, she crept out into the hall and toward the front door, every sense on the alert.

CHAPTER XII

A Stifled Cry

THE steady murmur of voices came from upstairs, but Grace had no assurance that there might not be other persons in the house than those who were talking. She reached the outer door, slid the bolt, opened it and looked out.

A dripping fog had come in from the ocean, and the night was damp and silent. The impulse to run was very strong, but there was a reasoned thought in her brain that found a hearty welcome in her intrepid soul: Why should she run away from these miscreants? It was she who had the advantage now.

She closed the door again and listened. The murmur of voices ran on as before. She crept to the foot of the stairs; then up a few steps; then further. The voices were those of a man and a woman. But where they the only persons in the house?

She made her way up the stairs as softly as possible, but even when the stairs creaked as they did, at almost every step, there was no cessation in the murmur of voices. It was plain that no attention was being paid to her; probably her captors were altogether certain that it was impossible for her to get out of her prison.

It was with an odd feeling that she passed the door of her prison and crept along to the door of the adjoining room. The murmur of voices had already become a distinguishable conversation, though she caught no words that meant anything for her.

There was the voice of the woman and the voice of a man. He spoke with a marked Spanish accent, or rather with a native Californian acent, and it seemed to her that she had heard the voice before, but she could not recall where, and there was nothing in what she overheard to aid her recollection.

Her first thought was to throw open the door suddenly and surprise them, but a clever second thought came to her; she would knock first, and so learn, perhaps, whether or not there were others in the house. Accordingly she gave a sharp rap on the door and listened intently.

There was an instant of startled silence, then a sudden bound, and a stifled cry of, "Who can that be?" Then Grace knew that she had only those two to contend against, and her heart

leaped high. With a turn of the wrist she threw the door open, remaining herself in the dark hallway.

The woman was the same that had brought her food; the man, to her amazement, was Miguel Covarrubias whom she had previously met. Both of them started forward as the door opened, but Grace cried out, sharply:

"Stop where you are! Up with your hands, Miguel!"

THE man, drilled by this time into a wholesome fear of the girl, uttered a violent oath and put up his hands; the woman simply gaped toward the dark hall whence Grace's voice came.

Grace now stepped into sight in the doorway, her revolver leveled at the man, but subtly wavering so that it could cover the woman instantly it became necessary.

"You, woman, go into that corner behind Miguel!" Grace commanded; and when the woman hesitated, added sharply: "Don't be a fool! Miguel knows the danger of angering me. I shoot straight, and shoot to kill, when my life is in danger. Go into the corner!"

The woman with a scowl which did not altogether hide her expression of wonder and surprise, backed slowly into the corner, and stood there.

"You may lie on your face, Miguel," Grace said to him, and the big man, with another oath, obeyed.

It was a singular picture thus presented by the three persons in that room in the solitary house on the outskirts of San Francisco. A young woman, hardly more than a girl, terrorizing and controlling a full-grown man and woman, both of whom were ready to resort to any violence or crime to gain their ends. But she, because she had learned the lesson of self-reliance and the use of her muscular strength just as a boy might have done, was able to employ the means at her command to subdue them as completely as if they had been children and she a strong man.

"Don't make a movement," she said to the woman, who stood in the corner; then she went over to Miguel as he lay prone on his face and took his revolver from his hip pocket, her experience telling her that she would surely find it there.

"You," she said to the woman, "come out here and open the door of my room. Come quickly!"

With a sullen scowl of anger, through which however, her utter amazement betrayed itself, the woman did as she was bid. Grace stepped back into the hall and let her pass her, then stood watching Miguel and the woman at the same time.

THE woman drew the bolts of the door and threw it open, letting a flood of light enter the hall from the electric lamp in the room.

"Go into the room!" ordered Grace. "Leave the door open! Remember, I'll shoot without remorse if you try to play any tricks. It is my life against yours, and I don't value your life a cent's worth in comparison with my own."

Miguel sulkily arose and went out into the hall; and then, in accordance with Grace's orders, went into the room that had been her prison.

"Take up my trunk!" she said to him. "I don't mean to leave that behind me, and you can carry it better than I. Take it up and come out!"

He ground his teeth in his rage, but he had no choice but to obey, so bent and lifted the trunk on to his stalwart shoulder. She then bade him hasten out, and, when he had done so, obliged him to stand with his back to her at the head of the stairs while she bolted the door on the woman, to whose vociferous remonstrances she answered:

"Surely it is not as hard for you as it was for me. When you tire of the room get out of it as I did; you'll find the way out in the corner." Then she turned to Miguel: "Go downstairs, Miguel! We are going to take a walk together; not the first, is it?"

She was pretending to have a composure she did not feel, for she realized well enough that a walk through the streets of San Francisco, in which she was an utter stranger, was not quite the same thing as driving the ruffian before her in the open country near her home.

There was no alternative, however, and with a beating heart she bade the fellow open the door and go out of the house. It seemed to her as she stepped outside and stood on the upper step of the flight that led to the sidewalk, as if her dangerous adventure had no more than begun, for she knew nothing of the city, and could not even see any distant lights through the dense fog to guide her in the direction of the settled part.

"Go toward the city," she said curtly to Miguel. "I'll shoot you if you try to play me a trick. Go!"

The walk Grace took that night was one she was not likely ever to forget. She knew nothing of the city, and she presently discovered that Miguel knew hardly more. He knew in which direction the city lay, but when the first houses were reached he sulkily declared his ignorance of how to proceed to find the address of the house which Grace gave him.

So there was nothing beter to do than to go on until they met some one who could direct them. But the next problem that confronted her was how to control her unwilling porter when the busier streets were reached.

However, she surmounted all obstacles, and finally stood on the stoop of the house of which she had the address.

"Well, Miguel," she said with a little laugh that barely escaped being hysterical. "you may go now. Perhaps you haven't enjoyed your walk; I know I have not. Don't you think you ought to be ashamed of what you have done? I never injured you in any way."

"I don't know," he said sullenly, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes, you do know. But never mind! I know I might as well talk to the hound that runs to his master's whistle. But tell your master that it will be dangerous for him to molest me again; dangerous for him to meet me or any of my friends or family." She was quite herself now as her indignation grew. "I shall know how to protect myself from him, and before the night is over he may find that San Francisco is not a good place for him to be in."

SHE range the bell with a vigrous pull as she concluded, and Miguel gave one leap down the steps and was speeding down the street as rapidly as he could go.

Grace, in her relief at being rid of the wretch, and struck by the absurdity of that strong man running away from her, burst into a laugh. She was obliged to check it suddenly, however, as the door opened. And it was just as well for her that she was forced to think of something else, for strong and self-reliant as she was, the ordeal she had just passed through had been a severe one, and the reaction made her a little hysterical. She controlled herself, however, for she would have been ashamed to have been discovered so.

She explained to Mrs. Sharp, who had come to the door in person, just what had happened to her, and that lady was filled with indignation and almost insisted on setting the police on the trail of the scoundrels at once. But when she questioned Grace more carefully and discovered how litle she knew of the location of the house and further realized that a prosecution of the matter would involve Grace in a great deal of publicity, she advised her to let the matter rest where it was for the present.

Whether the advice was good or not, Grace took it, and after a good night's rest went about the business that had brought her to San Francisco. And it was sufficiently important and interesting, too, to take her thoughts from every other topic.

Her heart was in her throat and her courage quite gone when she presented herself at the rooms where the candidates for the competition were to be judged. And when she saw some of the aspirants there, she felt that she bad been little better than a vain fool to suppose that there was the least chance that she could win the prize.

SHE cast a disgusted glance into a mirror on the wall, looked at the beautiful women who sat or stood about the room, and had half a mind to turn about and give up the whole thing.

She felt that it had been the very madness of vanity that had induced her to think that she might by any possibility win such a prize in competition wth the most beautiful women of all Europe and America; and now that she saw some of those who had gathered from the Pacific Slope alone, and realized how very beautiful they were, she felt truly heartsick and ashamed.

She contrived to get nearer to the big mirror so that she might look at herself, and almost groaned aloud at the sight of her tanned face. The other competitors had beautiful pink and white cheeks. What possible chance had she?

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"Don't make a movement!" she said to the woman who stood in the corner.

STAY AWAY

Colleen Moore and *Virginia Jolley* before the *Girls' Studio Club* in *Hollywood,* where the extra girls live.

Living conditions in picture town on _West Coast_ cause hardships for _thousands_ of idle _movie folk_—Warning is broadcasted to _screen aspirants_ to remain away until conditions improve Read how things are

By **T. Howard Kelly**

IN HOLLYWOOD today a strange situation prevails. The film mecca, which formerly has employed thousands of girls who have flocked to the West Coast town from the North, East, South and West of America, is suffering from that peculiar economic blight known as "hard times." And whereas, formerly, there was work for all or nearly all, there is now a terrible scarcity of employment that has thrown thousands of helpless girls out of work.

So acute has this situation become that a warning has been broadcasted North and East advising all ambitious screen aspirants to remain away until the general situation improves.

Hollywood, which so often seems like Heaven to thousands of pretty faces and eager young eyes at a glamorous distance, only to reveal itself a place of woe and wreckage, boasts no gates. If it did, they would go crashing down today, before the singing pre-holiday assault of movie-struck girls. From the teeming city avenues of the East, from the yellow harvest fields of the great open spaces, and from the Main Streets of all America, they are marching, marching with fever in their veins, and fire in their blinded eyes to the swift tatoo of their own adventurous pulses.

It is too bad that this Mecca of the movies is not a walled city of long ago, because walls and gates are about the only two things that could bar these marching girls from deliberately shadowing their youth with the blighting tragedies of bitter disappointment, crushed dreams, stark disillusionment, desperate need, vain regrets, and, sometimes, the stain of sin.

Against all the pleas of those who know that Hollywood does not offer more than a thousand to one chance for the movie-bent girl, and in spite of the very fact that great studios have been recently darkened in the film capital because of decreased production activities, these girls insist upon storming the citadel of screenland. If it be ambition that prompts these girls to tempt Fate in this manner, it is misdirected ambition, which will only bring suffering and remorse to them after their first two weeks in Hollywood.

Today, with the motion picture industry operating upon a definitely standardized basis of production and direction, every need of the film business is taken care of by routine. It is no longer the haphazard adventure in pictorial drama it used to be years and years ago, when the pretty, inexperienced face fitted in to the scheme of things just as admirably as did the face of the good-looking actress.

The movies of the present demand value received in every sense of the word. And, it is absolutely true that the movie-struck girl with nothing else to offer than a pretty face, is utterly incapable of rendering acceptable services in the pictures. Consequently, she is neither needed nor wanted in Hollywood, where already there is an unfortunate accumulation of the flotsam and jetsam of girlhood that is still trying to get along, now that their saffron-tinted dreams have turned the color of dead grass.

According to the statements of welfare organizations in Hollywood, the number of stranded girls now wandering about the streets of the glass-roofed town runs into the thousands. And still, every train brings more of them. They come in by every conceivable manner of transportation. Some have made the long journey from distant places by begging rides from motorists and truck drivers. Others have pedalled their way on bicycles. A few boast that they have hiked all the way to the El Dorado of their imaginations.

What is going to happen to these girls, many of whom do not own a dollar after arriving in the capitol of movieland? Almost anything, except that which they hope will happen, is likely to be their fate. Naturally it is the ages-old lure for fame and riches, and the Twentieth Century rage to possess silks and motor cars, that tempts them away from their homes and their work. They are looking for the magic button, which, when pressed, will momentarily place them upon the broad highway to all of these things through the medium of overnight motion picture success.

Some of the things that are happening to these deluded children in Hollywood today have been brought to the attention of Movie Weekly by the reports of the welfare organizations, which are trying in vain to halt the mad influx of would-be movie actresses. The moment a girl reaches Hollywood her first objective is, of course, to try and get into a studio. She is consumed with a burning desire to see how the magic of picture-making is worked. Just to get by the doors of a studio is her sole wish at first. She wants to get "atmosphere" . . . to gaze with wide eyes upon the scenes of her future triumphs!

A glimpse of *Hollywood* as it looked before the movie industry settled there.

According to a statement prepared by the

FROM HOLLYWOOD!

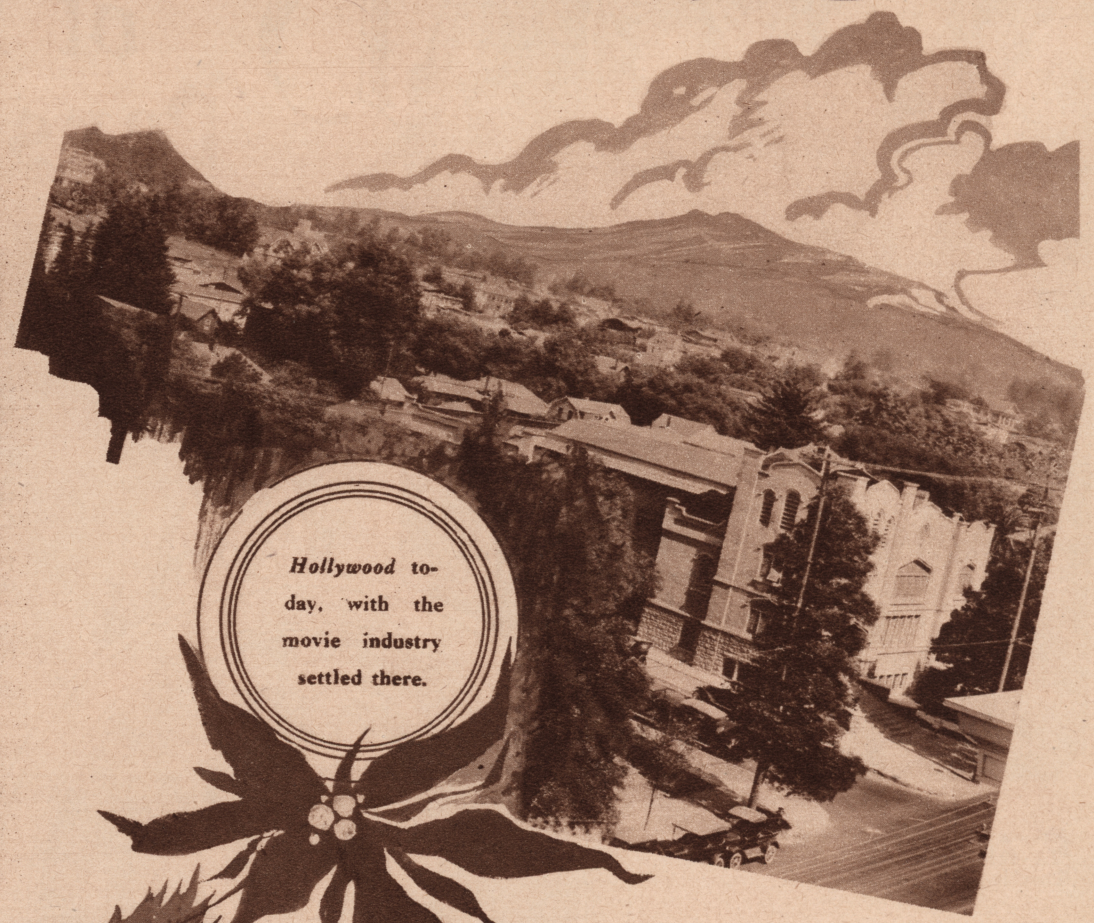
Studio Club, only five hundred out of a thousand girls who land in Hollywood ever get to see the inside of their dream-places, the studios. The five hundred who are turned away on account of strict rules regarding admitting visitors to the work-a-day world of filmdom are generally so bitterly disappointed that their picture ambitions go up in smoke before a week has passed. And then comes the sudden tragedy of being penniless without any means of making money.

Hungry, and without shelter from the night, these girls are forced to apply to the local welfare organizations for help. And now we come to the point which the good citizens of Hollywood want broadcasted to the entire country.

There is a home called the Studio Club, sponsored by the National Board of the I. W. O. A., which has for its specific mission in life the sheltering of stranded girls, and the providing of comfortable living quarters for girls who can afford to pay for their bed and board at greatly reduced rates. Until Will Hays raised by popular subscription among movie producers, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, the Studio Club was able to accommodate only twenty girls. These accommodations were never capable of taking care of more than a handful of the girls who arrive in Hollywood daily. At the present moment the club has accommodations for one hundred girls, thanks to Mr. Hays' fund-raising efforts.

But with thousands advancing on the city of studios, the club's accommodations are totally inadequate. Consequently, Hollywood wants it thoroughly understood that girls seeking film fame on the flimsy flukes of chance, must not do so under the impression that they can be fed, clothed, and boarded upon the generosity of the municipality, or the welfare organizations.

The pathetic sight of pretty and decent girls walking the streets at night both in Hollywood and Los Angeles is not uncommon. Necessity often forces them to do so, for there is no bed for them to sleep in, and no table for them to dine at. Hunger and weariness will often drive human beings to strike bargains that are the first steps toward the moral toboggan, as well as the physical and mental. It is not surprising then, that out of every thousand of jobless, moneyless girls who hit Hollywood, one hundred are sooner or later swallowed up in the shadows that envelope the wreckage of human bodies and souls.



Hollywood today, with the movie industry settled there.

A scene from *"Souls for Sale,"* showing a group of extras "back stage."

Some girls, perhaps one-tenth of the movie fame seekers, stumble upon some means of keeping the wolf from the door. In the cafeterias and restaurants of Hollywood and Los Angeles today, there are many pretty-faced girls with hands rough and reddened by the constant touch of dish water. These are the poor little moths who a few weeks ago tramped into the capitol of movieland with jaunty steps and confident talk, lured by the flames of false glamor.

At many Los Angeles switchboards sit any number of girls getting numbers for the very world of silver make-believe they once expected to win fame in. Their life is just one day of steady, grinding work after another. Experience has taught them how futile was their dream of movie stardom when they were fitted for nothing more than an operator's job in life.

WHY is this . . . and why can't it be otherwise? What keeps these girls from getting a job as "extras" in the movies?

This is the question that unknowing people ask. It is a question that needs emphatic answering in view of the unabating invasion of Hollywood by girls who feel they can make their way as an "extra" if they do fall on the roadside to stardom.

Hollywood has its quota of "extras" filled to the brim. Agencies furnish the producers with the number and type of extras needed for every production. There is rarely ever a wild, last minute scramble on the part of a casting director for talent of the "extra" variety. You never hear of a movie company sending a band out upon the highways and byways to mobilize the idle extras, and parade them down to the casting office.

Consequently, all the girls above the quota are surplus "extras" and of the few who are lucky enough to get down on the limited lists, only about ten out of every thousand do more than earn a precarious livelihood at the rate of from three dollars per day to ten a day, perhaps one day a week.

About three months ago, Movie Weekly printed a story concerning what happens to film-struck girls who insist upon going to Hollywood, and in every way has tried to publicize the fact that girls should stay away from Hollywood unless they have a specific contract for motion picture work. This advice, of course, was intended for the type of girl who, because of lack of funds, would soon

(*Continued on page 29*).

Norma Talmadge has the "Lovable Personality" . . . That is why she is so well loved.

How many kinds of Screen Personalities are there?

Census reveals that each *film favorite* has a *reason* all her own for being *popular*—Count 'em and see

By Gladys M. Connaughton

PERSONALITY plays an important part in the lives of nearly everybody. And so it is among the stars of Cinemaland where, perhaps, it is even more important.

Up among the stars that shine so brightly, all of us fans have our favorites. We usually have an ideal and he or she, as the case may be, holds the warmest spot in our hearts because of his or her personality.

Without personality—not necessarily dynamic or forcible, but by all mean appealing—no star can hope to succeed. We are listing below our ideas on the personalities of twelve popular and proven successful stars.

Mary Pickford has what we class as the "Personality Plus" and no other star in Shadowland can be compared to her. There never will be another motion picture actress who will hold the innumerable heart strings that the petite Mary has held for so many years. Miss Pickford will always give us just so much of the delightful spirit of childhood—no matter how many "Rositas" she may make. We believe it will be impossible for any of the Pickford fans to ever forget the delightful portrayals of childhood that Our Mary has brought to the screen.

Douglas Fairbanks has a "Dare-Devil Personality." We always think of a rather wild and reckless, but wholly lovable boy-man whenever we see one of his pictures. Doug is the kind of a man we can picture daring anything for one he loved. May he never lose this distinctly appealing personality—which has endeared him to millions.

Thomas Meighan is an idealistic big brother, sweetheart or adoring husband.

Richard Barthelmess possesses what might be called a "Versatile Personality." Somehow or other we can never picture Dick as himself. He always lives his role and brings out only the personality of the type he is playing. Barthelmess never does the expected. Today he is the impenetrable Chinaman in "Broken Blossoms," and tomorrow he astounds the world with his portrayal of "Tol'able David." Here's to his continued success in Personality Land.

Now—three guesses—who has the "Clothes Personality?" Right the first time. None other than Miss Gloria Swanson. Anybody who doesn't treat their optics to frequent views of the vision Gloria makes in her stunning creations, just doesn't understand or appreciate what the psychology of gowns has done for the fair Miss Swanson. Gloria is no clothes horse, as some reviewers have unkindly intimated. She is just a beautiful creature in marvelous clothes, a girl-woman who knows how and what to wear at all times.

Thomas Meighan is classified by us as a man with a "Combined Personality," which may mean much, or nothing at all. Tom is the idealistic big brother, sweetheart or adoring husband. Most of us fans like to picture him in one role or another, do we not? His personality stamps every picture he plays in, and nearly always saves what would otherwise be a very mediocre film. We might even dare to say

(*Continued on page 30*)

Gloria Swanson has the "Clothes Personality." . . . She is just a beautiful creature in marvelous clothes.

"Directors are eager to give unknown Girls a chance," says Sidney FRANKLIN

But *producers* demand *players* with *big names*, explains man who directed *Lenore Ulric* in *"Tiger Rose"*

By Alma M. Talley

Lenore Ulric in a flirtatious mood with *Forrest Stanley* from *"Tiger Rose."*

"Quite often the director," says *Mr. Franklin*, "feeling that a certain newcomer has possibilities, gives her a chance."

WELL, you girls who have been longing to get into the movies—or maybe have gotten so far as to play an extra role or two—perhaps you've been blaming the wrong man for your non-success. Every girl and boy who makes a failure of trying to get on the screen always blames the director, poor man. And maybe it isn't his fault at all! For he has a job of his own to hold, and he must please the producer. Had you ever thought of that?

You would if you talked to Sidney Franklin, one of the best directors in the business. I merely mention that he directed Norma's famous "Smilin' Through," Constance's "East Is West" and "Dulcy," and now Lenore Ulric's new picture, "Tiger Rose"—all of which speak for his ability as a director.

He discussed this question of unknown players in the movies when I saw him recently at the Astor on his visit to New York.

"The director, as a rule," he declared, "would be glad to use unknown girls and actors in pictures, if for no other reason than the saving in salaries. Think of the difference it would make in the cost of a picture if you could build up your cast of players drawing a hundred dollars a week instead of a thousand.

"But the producer doesn't see things that way. He wants 'big names' to sell to the exhibitor. He feels that if he can show the exhibitor a picture with five or six well-known players in it, he is going to have a better chance of getting a large rental for the picture. And, of course, that's perfectly true."

"But it makes it hard on the unknown player," I said, my sympathy all for the fan who wishes to get into the movies.

"Yes, it does. Though that doesn't mean that the unknown player is never given a chance. As a matter of fact, quite often the director, feeling that a certain newcomer has possibilities, gives her a chance—and the director's judgment proves wrong! That's expensive, you see. So there's one reason why it is so seldom done.

"That very thing happened to me in making 'Tiger Rose,' Lenore Ulric's new picture. I gave a new actor a certain role because I thought he could do it. But after we had shot a number of scenes on location, I found he was perfectly terrible in the part. Here I was, with an entire company, way out in the wilds on location. I couldn't afford to hold up production while I waited for another actor, so I just had to go on with the poor one, managing him as well as I could. That's one of the hazards in trying to work with untried players.

"ON THE other hand, you pay more money to an actor you are sure of—but at least you know your money won't be wasted. There's A. E. Warren, for instance, one of the best character players in the business. He played a Chinaman in "East Is West," and he had to wrinkle up his forehead to get the slit-eyed effect necessary for a Chinese part. He folded the flesh on each temple to make his eyes almond-shaped and then kept it in place with adhesive tape. Every night after work when he took that adhesive tape off, the skin came with it. That's what a real artist in the profession will do!

"When Mr. Warren has a part with a beard, he gets up at five in the morning in order to be made up by nine. He pastes each hair into place, one at a time."

"Why doesn't he wear a false beard?" I inquired, thinking of all that prodigious effort.

"A false one wouldn't give the same effect at all," said Mr. Franklin. "When he gets his beard pasted on like that, it looks real. You can see each whisker growing.

"Well, getting back to the unknown player," I suggested, "suppose you were trying to select a player from a group of extras. How would you go about it?"

"I would first pick, of course, those who were the type demanded for the role I was trying to fill. Then out of those I should pick a few likely looking ones for screen tests."

"What do you mean by 'likely looking ones?'"

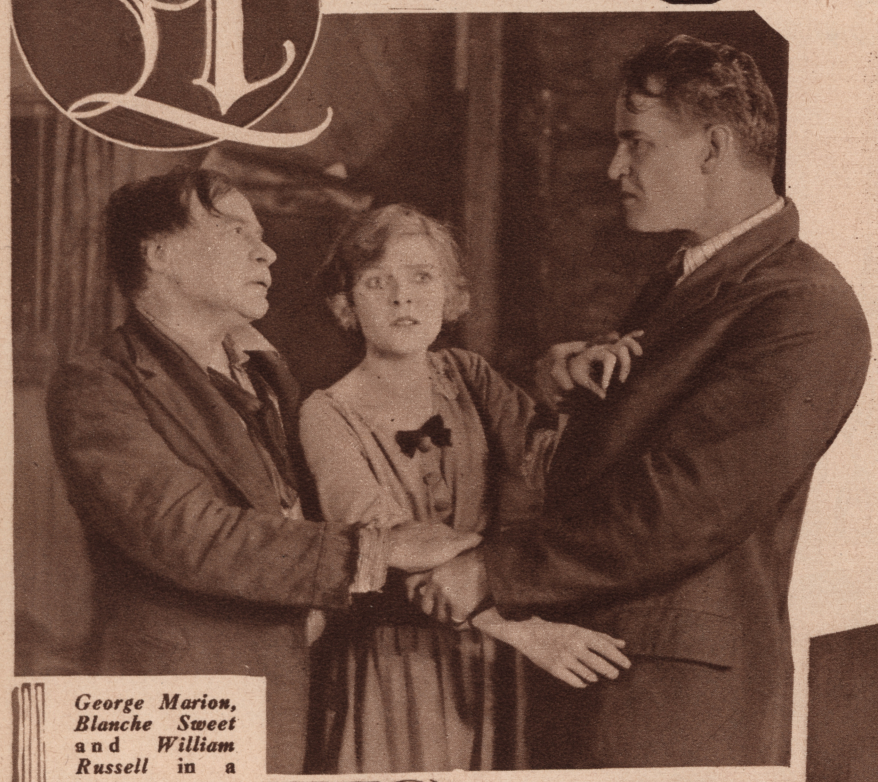
"Those with a little pep, a little life. Some of the group would be persons who looked half dead. They would never succeed on the screen. It's interesting to watch a bunch of extras at work," he went on. "Nine-tenths of them walk through their roles half-heartedly, making no attempt to do their work well, but simply thinking of the five dollars they are earning. Sometimes, of course they have been at it so long without getting anywhere that they have become too discouraged to put any heart into their work.

"But always, among the extras, there will be a few who really try to put feeling into their work—those who have refused to become discouraged, and those who have real ability. Sometimes they are only working hard in hopes that the director will single them out. I remember watching one girl once who crowded forward in each scene, making goo-goo eyes and trying to attract attention. She really overdid it, as a matter of fact, and succeeded only in being ridiculous.

"It's a most discouraging thing, this trying to get ahead on the screen and it usually is the persistent ones who succeed—those who refuse to get discouraged, who sometimes even make themselves such a pest around the casting offices that they are given parts to get rid of them. By this I do not mean to advise every girl who wants to get in the movies to rush to Hollywood and hang around the studios day after day. It would be a mighty long time before a chance came along, and even then a girl would have to prove that she had possibilities as an actress. At best, it would mean months and months of waiting and most people can't stand up long enough under discouragement and hard knocks—or their money gives out."

Which is why so many girls who go to Hollywood to become screen stars find waiting on tables a hard life!

"Anna Christie" One



George Marion, Blanche Sweet and William Russell in a tense scene from "Anna Christie."

Screen version of *O'Neil* stage play a picture of great power—*"The Light That Failed,"* *"To the Ladies"* and *"The Eternal City,"* among other features of the week

Reviewed by Mary Jane Warren

"ANNA CHRISTIE"

Blanche Sweet's Performance in Title Role Excellent

Presented at the Strand Theatre, New York, by First National, with a cast headed by Blanche Sweet, George Marion and William Russell. Directed by John Griffith Wray.

A photoplay without large and expensive sets, told in a simple manner by means of characters set down in the meanest and lowliest walks of life, and still a photoplay of gripping interest, is "Anna Christie." This was one of the best plays of last season and there is no doubt but that the screen version will be placed up at the head of the season's best pictures. It is a thing of power, directed with care and intelligence, and blessed with a cast of players that fit into their roles with perfection.

It is not hard to imagine the grip the picture has when you realize that almost the entire action takes place on a coal barge, and still retains the onlooker's absolute interest. It is proof of the dramatic qualities of the story and the splendid work of the players. George Marion portrayed the Swedish sea captain in the stage play and his screen performance in this same role is one of the finest things the screen season has produced. He is thoroughly convincing in the role of the lowly Swede who hates "ole davil sea" and blames all his misfortunes on it.

Blanche Sweet is an admirable "Anna Christie." Her world--weary manner and her hatred of men is a sincere and restrained portrayal. When she says, "Gawd, how I hate men," she looks as though she meant it. William Russell is consistently good as the ignorant, egotistical Irish lad who falls in love with Anna.

The story was excellent in its original form and it is well adapted to the screen. Anna Christie's rise out of the mire of an immoral life, due to the clean, healthy atmosphere of the ocean, runs smoothly with few or no discrepancies. See it, by all means!

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"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

Percy Marmont Splendid in Kipling Story

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, with a cast headed by Percy Marmont, Jacqueline Logan, Sigrid Holmquist, David Torrence.

The most noticeable thing about the "Light That Failed" is the fact that the producers used Kipling's famous story merely as a foundation and for the drawing power of the title. They deviated from the original story in so many instances that it bears but a slight resemblance to Kipling's tale. It is the second time this has been adapted to the screen and this later version boasts Percy Marmont in the leading role. Regardless of the fact that so many liberties have been taken in filming "The Light That Failed," it is interesting as just an average good film, but it lacks the spirit that one would expect of a Kipling story. Neither the director nor the players seem to have caught the bigness of the theme, with the exception of Mr. Marmont, whose portrayal is a sincere and convincing one.

It is a pathetic sort of story, of a popular and successful young artist who goes blind on the eve of the public showing of his masterpiece. His model, in a revengeful rage, had destroyed the painting during the night. The artist, not being able to see that his life work is ruined, proudly displays it to his friends. They cannot bear to tell him the truth. Instead, they commend his work and praise it as a great masterpiece. This incident has always been one of the favorite pathetic moments of literature to us. We expected that it would make a wonderful climax to the picture, but somehow or other it falls short of being great.

Jacqueline Logan, an exceptionally beautiful brunette, plays the role of the little street waif who later becomes the model. Her acting in this

Jacqueline Logan, the impetuous little model in *"The Light That Failed,"* attempts to destroy the work of the artist, as portrayed by *Percy Marmont.*

# of Season's Best Films

picture is a bit of a surprise, for, while not a remarkable performance, it is, nevertheless, interesting and portends better things for Miss Logan. The weakest character in the film is that of Maizie, played by Sigrid Homquist. Her acting has no depth. All her emotion seems to be on the surface, and she seemed to us anything but the inspiration for an artist's greatest work.

In spite of the fact that the producers took such extreme liberties with the story, it is an interesting film play, worth an evening of your time.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"THE ETERNAL CITY"

Barbara La Marr Featured in Hall Caine's Story

Presented by First National Pictures, with a cast composed of Barbara La Marr, Lionel Barrymore, Bert Lytell, Richard Bennett and Montagu Love.

The only thing that relieves the dullness of "The Eternal City" is the splendid work of Richard Bennett in a rather small role. When this story by Sir Hall Caine was produced on the legitimate stage years ago, it was very poor entertainment. At least we found it so. The picture interested us quite a bit more, at times, than did the play, still it falls far short of being a big picture. It lacks power. The characters, with the exception of Mr. Bennett, strut about before the camera in a very stagey manner, without the note of sincerity so necessary to a convincing screen portrayal.

The story itself is a poor one. Nothing new or original—just a series of time-worn incidents. One thing extremely complimentary may be said of it, however, and that it is the setting in which the story is unfolded. The picture, made in Italy, has a picturesque background. The sets are exquisitely beautiful and there are some charming outdoor scenes. Many ancient and historical buildings of Rome are shown. We only wish the characters in "The Eternal City" were as real and convincing as the settings.

Telling of the love of Donna Roma and David Rossi, the story winds through reel after reel, during which the lovers are separated by war and the hero reported dead. The girl accepts the generous offer of Baron Bonelli and allows him to finance her in Rome, where she studies and becomes a famous sculptress. She entertains lavishly, and gossip is about that she is the mistress of Bonelli. David again appears on the scene as a spirited leader of the Facisti movement. There are several big mob scenes here, but in spite of the lavishness of the production, the whole thing lacks fire and genuine interest.

Barbara La Marr, as Donna Roma, is beautiful, but, like Bert Lytell, who plays David, her performance is a series of chest heaving, melodramatic gestures. Lionel Barrymore's Baron Bonelli is just fair. Richard Bennett gives a delightfully sincere and interesting performance, which stands out as the one bright light of the production.

Barbara La Marr and *Bert Lytell* put over some very realistic love scenes in *"The Eternal City."*

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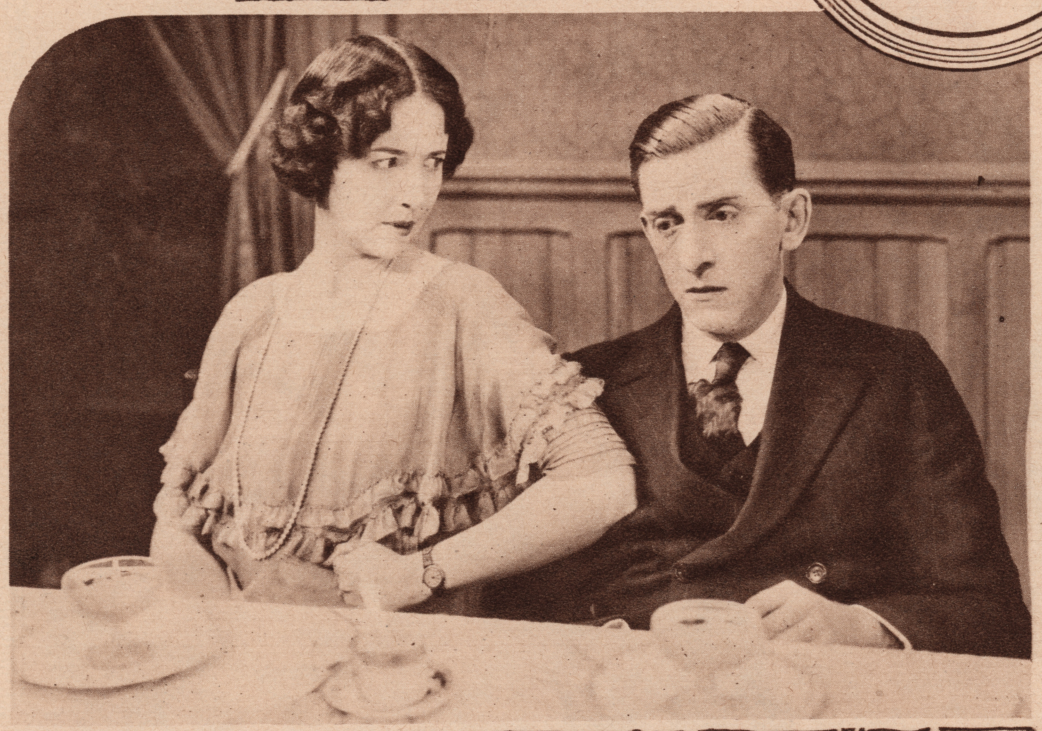
"TO THE LADIES"

A Delightful Satire

Presented at the Rivoli, New York, by Famous Players-Lasky Company, with a cast headed by Edward Horton, Helene Jerome Eddy, Theodore Roberts and Louise Dresser. Directed by James Cruze.



Edward Horton and *Helene Jerome Eddy* are splendidly cast in *"To the Ladies."*

"To the Ladies" was a popular play filled with charming and amusing bits. When a screen version of this same play was decided upon, we are thankful that James Cruze was selected to direct it. He has retained all the amusing and entertaining qualities and added his own particular touch, which usually means success for a picture!

Edward Horton shows promise of becoming one of the screen's most popular light comedians. He is most amusing in the role of the self-made business man. As his wife, Helene Jerome Eddy gives a thoroughly interesting interpretation. We enjoyed watching this young lady again. It is a long time since we have seen her on the screen, and she is far too clever to be left off the list of film players. She is a refreshing type and a type much needed in films in these days of beautiful but dumb stars and near stars.

The story concerns a young business man, an efficiency expert, an amusing business banquet, and a loyal little wife who, knowing very little about business, neatly and promptly straightens out her husband's business troubles.

We heartily recommend "To the Ladies." It is a clean, amusing, interesting comedy, well directed and with a splendid cast of players who gives genuine performances. Along with Edward Horton and Helene Jerome Eddy, Theodore Roberts and Louise Dresser head the cast. Theodore dore Roberts may be a good dramatic actor. At least we imagine his role of "Moses" in "The Ten Commandments" is a dramatic one. However, it is our honest opinion that Mr. Roberts belongs in a picture of the "To the Ladies" brand. He is an excellent and amusing comedian. Louise Dresser is fast becoming popular in this type of photoplay also.

GEORGE WALSH
who is appearing in
"Rosita"

MAE BUSCH
who is appearing in
"Name the Man"

The MAIL MAN

The third smashing instalment of this stirring new fiction serial based upon the *Film Booking Office* photoplay of *Emelie Johnson's* original story

By Charles Warnerby

THE ACTION THUS FAR:

Bob Morley is a postman living happily with his family, the son of which works in the office with Bob. Due to the illness of a fellow postman, Bob is compelled to take a night route, and while he is absent from the office, Johnnie is overpowered by a masked man, who tries to rob the post-office. Bob returns, finds the front door jimmied and is about to investigate, when a heavy explosion occurs within the post-office.

He rushes into the building, realizing that burglars have blown the safe and frantic at the thought that they might have harmed Johnnie. He finds him bound, gagged and helpless. After a chase, the burglars escape, but they leave a clue in the form of a rubber heel which Bob discovers belongs to Morgan, who lives next door. As Morgan has a family, Bob destroys the clue, even though he realizes that Morgan is no good.

All that afternoon, while handling the mails, *Johnnie* thought of the great opportunity that had come to him.

THE next morning, in the Morgan home next door, the head of the family raised a sullen head from his pillow and in the course of preparation for dressing looked for his shoes. A subsequent and prolonged search revealed only one, however, and Morgan was compelled truculently to seek out another pair, after hurling abuse at his two trembling children.

His failure to rob the post-office successfully on the night before was gall and wormwood in Morgan's heart. So carefully had he planned the robbery, conceived because of the next door neighbors who worked in the post-office, that failure seemed quite impossible; yet, he had had it all spoiled by the unexpected return of Bob Morley.

"Curse him!" Morgan grated to himself, as he flung himself into the final vesture of his clothing and prepared to leave the house.

He had risen earlier than was his wont, due to his having made an arrangement to meet an acquaintance in a waterfront dive. This acquaintance, a Captain Kranz, was the master of *The Shark*, a vessel engaged in rum-running, and the partner of Morgan in his plot to rob the post-office. Morgan knew that Kranz would curse him for his failure to blow the vaults and get the packages of registered mail. The partnership of the two men was an old one, dominated by Kranz who used Morgan as a tool whenever the latter served his purpose.

"If he says too much, I'll blow," Morgan grunted, as he strode rapidly along the sidewalk on his way to the lower section of the city. He knew that Kranz was a hard man with whom to deal, yet the knowledge that the latter possessed in the form of *The Shark* the means whereby to spirit him, when the occasion required, to another country far beyond the reach of the long arm of the law, reminded him of the value of the partnership, notwithstanding the great risk he personally took in single-handedly attempting to rob the post-office.

Through the lower and more squalid sections of the city, Morgan rapidly threaded his way, intent only upon reaching his destination. And then, through a dense tangle of dirty streets, he came at last to the waterfront, and to the sordid ring of dives that stretched along its obscene edge. Beyond the wharves, a variety of steamships and sailing vessels lay moored and among these, Morgan knew, lay *The Shark*, which might at any time be bearing him safely to sea beyond the reach of the accursed "cops" and the menace of extradition.

An odd assortment of humanity scurried past Morgan in the form of human wharf rats who made their living plying some nefarious trade along the waterfront, and the usual number of stevedores, truckmen and longshoremen who were engaged in loading the various vessels docked nearby. Some women of questionable character and arrayed in garish dress were seen to pass in through the doors of adjacent dives, and on the heels of two such, across the entrance of a brothel, passed Morgan in quest of Captain Kranz.

A heavy odor of tobacco smoke mingled with the odor of bad whiskey in the general barroom in which Morgan now stood, and without hesitation he wended his way through its maze until he stood before the bar at one end of the room. A curt order to the bartender brought a bottle and a glass within Morgan's reach, and the next instant he had poured himself a drink and was tossing it off.

"Ha!" he rasped as the liquor slid from sight and he lowered the glass to the bar. "That's eatin' and drinkin', Joe."

The bartender grunted and swept the bottle and the glass from view.

"Hey," Morgan called. "Not so fast. I want another o' them."

Indifferently the bartender returned the bottle and the glass to Morgan, while the latter took it affectionately and leaned across and addressed the man back of the bar.

"Say!" he questioned in a low voice, "seen Cap Kranz around today?"

The bartender shook his head in gruff negation.

"Seen a couple of guys what looked like Federal 'dicks' in her and heard 'em askin' for him. First thing you birds'll know you'll be doin' a stretch up the river."

The bartender turned without further parley to wait upon another customer, and Morgan was left to ruminate over the news he had just heard.

If the "dicks" were after Kranz, then it might not be so healthy pallin' round with him. Still, he mused, that was a hootch-runnin' job . . . child's play to the underworld! At the same time, Morgan concluded, he didn't want to get his nose in a sling for Kranz or any other man. The place for Kranz, he mentally added, was on board that boat of his. A seafaring man always got into trouble when he went roaming around on shore.

HIS reverie was suddenly interrupted by the unexpected arrival of Kranz, who came in wearing his white yachting cap and bristling brown mustache that used to make small boys in the street refer to him as "the Kaiser." Kranz strode abruptly to the bar and, after a short whispered consultation with one of the bartenders, joined Morgan at his end.

"Well?" he demanded gruffly, looking Morgan in the eye as though already he was aware of the latter's failure of the night before. And suddenly it occurred to Morgan that the whole affair might be in the newspapers and Kranz as fully apprised of the matter almost as he was himself.

Morgan shrugged.

"I couldn't make it, Cap," he said in a low voice.

A long silence followed this declaration of Morgan's, in which Captain Kranz only continued to stare stonily at his companion.

"I know all about it," he breathed heavily at last. "You botched it all, Morgan. No excuses."

Morgan, with a bristling sense of anger, was about to reply when he was checked by something in the seaman's manner.

"Listen," the latter commanded. "This day did I learn that soon the post-office will send by steamer a huge shipment of bonds to the Hawaiian Islands. Now may come your chance to redeem yourself, my friend, which with my help you may do."

Morgan's eyes widened at the information imparted by Kranz. So great was the sum involved, however, that a guard would be provided that

would render robbery impossible, and he said so. But the crafty Kranz nodded with half-closed eyes at Morgan.

"For what have I got my steamer for, my friend?" he asked sardonically. "All I ask of you is not to ask nonsensical questions and learn all that you can of the government's plans from that family of post clerks who live next door to you, already."

MORGAN nodded, and after another drink the two men separated with the arrangement to meet there on the day following.

That morning had been one of triumph for Bob Morley and his son, Johnnie. So pleased were the post-office officials at the manner in which father and son had frustrated the efforts of the safeblower, that promotion was promised to both of them. In the afternoon, Johnnie, to his great surprise, was summoned into an inner office and interviewed by his chief, the superintendent of the Post-Office.

"I've been talking to your father, Morley," the Chief declared as Johnnie halted before the huge flat-topped desk. "I've told him how much I appreciate the behavior of you both last night under such trying circumstances and I've asked him if there's anything in particular that he wants, that the office can do for him."

The Chief paused. Johnnie, silently listening, inclined his head slightly in a gesture of respectful attention. The Chief went on.

"But your father told me he wants nothing; that he but did his duty as any other man would do and that he wishes the matter forgotten."

The Chief paused again, looking out of the window.

"That is not my way of doing things, however," he continued presently, "and if your father won't let me do anything for him, I'll do it for you. We have," he went on in a somewhat lower voice, "a shipment of bonds to make to the Hawaiian Islands, and as a mark of appreciation, Morley, for what you and your father did last night, I want to appoint you as the special messenger and custodian of these bonds."

Johnnie's heart leaped at the Chief's words. An honor such as this was a great one in the Department, and it seemed for the moment that had Johnnie's greatest wish been granted, it would have been a trust, an honor, such as this.

"Thank you, sir," he said simply.

"That's all right, Morley," the Superintendent replied with his first hint of a kindly smile. "You'll leave on the *S. S. Enterprise* for Honolulu in a day or so. So hold yourself in readiness. You'll get your orders later. Good luck."

Johnnie left the presence of his Chief with his head in a whirl, and all that afternoon, while handling the mail, he thought of the great opportunity that had come to him. It was a chance for promotion, of advancement. A detail on special work was the vague dream of every toiler in Uncle Sam's great factory of the postal service.

BOB MORLEY was out on his route and Johnnie did not see him again until the whole family were gathered in the Morley home for supper. It was then that Johnnie confided his great good news.

"Dad!, Mother! Betty!" he shouted, as he burst into the dining room where they all sat. "I've some good news for you all. I've been chosen as special messenger to take a shipment of bonds to Honolulu. I'm to sail on the government vessel, *Enterprise*, in a day or so. Isn't that wonderful news?"

"Well, well, well!" Bob Morley exclaimed as he regarded Johnnie fondly. "I knew the Chief would do something to show his appreciation."

But a look of great anxiety had swept across Mrs. Morley's face. "Oh, Johnnie," she said fearfully, "you don't think—you surely don't think it will be dangerous?"

Johnnie's ringing laugh found an echo in the fiendish grin on the face of the man who lurked in the shadow just outside the window. Satisfying himself that he had learned all there was to learn, Morgan stole silently away toward the darkness of his own home next door.

Early in the forenoon of the following day, Johnnie was again sent for as before.

"But you know," the Superintendent added in warning, "that the success of your mission depends upon absolute secrecy. It has become known that we are going to make the shipment, and it is probable that an organized band of crooks is even now trying to find some means to steal it. There's money enough, heaven knows, for them to charter a gunboat and hold us up on the high seas, pirate fashion. But they'll be expecting the bonds to be transported in an armored car under guard, whereas we are going to fool them by sending them in a suitcase quite like any other baggage."

As he turned from his inspection of the throng, *Kranz* entered from another door.

Johnnie nodded and waited for his orders.

"Pack a hand bag," the Chief instructed, "with a few necessary articles of clothing, and be at Dock Seven on the waterfront, where the *Enterprise* is anchored, at six o'clock. Leave your bag in the stateroom that will be provided for you and come directly here. You will then take this suitcase to the *Enterprise*, and in due course of time arrive in Honolulu. Is everything clear?"

"Yes, sir," Johnnie replied quickly. "I will be here at 6:15 tonight."

"Good!" said the Chief emphatically, signifying that the interview was closed.

As Johnnie was leaving the office of the Superintendent, Morgan, in another part of the city, the waterfront vicinity, entered the disreputable brothel where he had met Kranz the day before, and sought the mustached seaman among the nondescript throng of women and men. As he turned in his inspection of the throng, Kranz entered from another door.

Together the two men, without a word of greeting, met at the bar, and, as the bottle and glasses were being produced, Morgan confided briefly and in a low voice, the news of Johnnie's selection as custodian of the bonds, that he had overheard from the Morley home the night before.

"Ach!—good!" Kranz exclaimed as Morgan finished his story. "And now you say the *Enterprise* is to sail tonight?"

Morgan nodded, reaffirming the information that he had obtained at the docks that morning.

"They'll probably send the bonds to the ship under guard, Cap," Morgan suggested. "Our only hope of getting them is after the ship gets to sea."

"THEY may not," Kranz retorted. "Shadow this man, Morgan, and if you get a chance at him with the bonds in his possession, slug him. Then, once aboard *The Shark*, we'll steam away to the China Seas."

"But if I don't get the chance to slug him in the street," Morgan whispered, "what then?"

Kranz considered a moment in deep thought.

"I have it!" he said at last. "I'll get one o' those coal-passers on the *Enterprise* drugged and when it's near sailing time you ask for a berth. You'll get it, for they'll go out under full steam. Then, once at sea, you locate this boy and the bonds, and then slug him on deck. When you get the bonds, pitch 'em overboard and I'll stand by and pick 'em up with my searchlight. We can do it, Morgan. It's a long chance, but we can do it."

"All right, Cap," Morgan answered, and a minute later the two men parted.

Johnnie, oblivious of the evil machinations that were in movement against him, went through the day in a sort of daze, out of which he emerged at the end of the afternoon to go shortly to his home and get the bag containing his few belongings and proceed to the *Enterprise* at Dock Seven.

Quickly boarding the government steamer, Johnnie found that accommodations had been prepared for him in the form of an outside stateroom. He left his bag in the ship's compartment and rapidly turned his footsteps toward the post-office, where his great trust awaited him.

AS JOHNNIE left the tangled skein of dirty slum streets behind, he had a sense of being followed. He tried to dismiss the matter from his mind, but the thought persisted. Finally, turning into the street on which the post-office stood, he glanced back in time to see a man dodging from view behind a truck that stood by the curb.

Johnnie went directly into the office of the Superintendent, where he found the latter waiting for him. Without a word, his Chief extended the bag toward Johnnie, clasping his other hand as he did so.

"Good luck, my boy!" he said in parting.

"Thank you, sir," Johnnie retorted. And then, "Could I go out the rear entrance with this, Mr. Potter?"

The Superintendent instantly agreed with Johnnie as to the feasibility of this plan, and two minutes later Johnnie was making his way rapidly along a rear street, looking for a taxicab to take him to the *Enterprise*. In his right hand he carried the suitcase containing ten million dollars. In the distance a man followed him.

(*Continued next week*)

IS SCREEN SUCCESS HARDER to WIN than STAGE FAME ?

"YES!" says Glenn Hunter

Glenn Hunter, who maintains the screen is harder than the stage, due to the haphazard manner in which emotional scenes are constructed.

Famous young stage and screen star tells why a *career* in the *movies* carries with it *greater handicaps* than one on the *stage*

By Regina Cannon

THE Chicagoans are having all the luck these days, for Glenn Hunter has brought "Merton of the Movies" to visit the Windy City—or perhaps Merton has brought Glenn. At any rate, both have arrived and an enjoyable time is being had by all the Chicago debbies.

We were lunching at the Drake with Mr. Hunter last Saturday and had come to ask this very successful young man about success.

And right here it might not be amiss to say a word about Glenn Hunter. First of all, he's a positive joy to the interviewer, for he forgets that he is being interviewed and commits the unprecedented indiscretion of speaking his mind freely.

In the intimacy of a regular "heart-to-heart" confidence, Glenn pours it all out to you; his ambitions, his beliefs, his deepest thoughts, his saddest experiences, his as yet unfulfilled desires. Some of it he knows you intend to "tell the world," but some of it he knows you won't. He has the keenest intuition imaginable. He doesn't say, "Now, don't tell this. It is not for publication."

He looks into your eyes searchingly, comprehendingly, and says what is in his heart and has the intelligence and trust to know that those confidences that do not concern the world will not be violated.

"I think," remarked Mr. Hunter thoughtfully, apropos of the subject under discussion, "that screen success is more difficult to attain than stage fame. Things seem to be made easier for the actor behind the footlights. In the first place, the stage play has continuity—it moves in human sequence. An actor builds to an emotion with all the intensified truth of life itself and out of the ingredients that go to create that emotion in life.

"Pictures, on the other hand, are filmed piece-meal, haphazardly, backwards, and are hop, skip and jump dramatics that only later are cut and arranged into a flowing whole. By the way, let's have some dessert."

"Cafe parfait," we whispered as the waiter approached.

A group of matinee girls, all white fox, giggles and violets, occupied a nearby table.

Glenn Hunter, as "Merton," in the stage play, "Merton of the Movies."

"There's Glenn Hunter," announced one bobbed-haired miss audibly, "and he's even better-looking off the stage. Oh, dear, I'll bet my nose is as shiny as a ballroom floor, too, and I've always dreamed how I'd look when——"

WE COULDN'T help but wonder how this noisy admiration would affect Glenn. He seemed not to notice it at all, and is, in fact, one of the most unspoiled boys we have ever met.

"About the lack of continuity in pictures," he continued, "the climax or the big scene is often taken first. At eight-thirty in the morning, with the memory of bacon and eggs fastened firmly in your mind, you dash to the studio and put on a dress suit. In this outfit and to the tune of a dreamy melody, you're told to drop on bended knee before the leading lady and, in a manner calculated to show a sheik up for what he really is, implore the girl to fly with you to Rogers Park, Paris, or any point not within walking distance. You'll admit it isn't the easiest thing in the world to get into the spirit of the situation?"

By the foregoing, fans, you'll understand why everyone likes Glenn. He has a sense of humor—besides a definite charm of manner, the thing that is called magnetism.

"Let's go, if you're ready," he suggested. "I've got to play a matinee, you know. What do you say to walking down to the Blackstone?"

And we did—winding our way through the gay Saturday throng on Michigan Boulevard. Now and then we got lost in the shuffle and felt like grabbing Glenn's coat sleeve and calling, "Wait for baby!"

"Please don't infer from what I've been saying," remarked Mr. Hunter, "that I'm not enthusiastic about picture work. I'm crazy about it! I've just been citing a few of the difficulties that make screen success hard to attain.

"On the stage," he continued, "an actor's voice helps to get him across. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the important part the voice plays in getting effects. In my estimation, all the pantomime in the world cannot express the emotion that one syllable properly uttered can. The voice of an actor can almost make or mar a stage performance, and, you see, one of his best weapons in the fight for fame is taken from him before the camera."

We recalled Mr. Hunter's voice as he plays "Merton." It possesses a weirdly pathetic little note that reaches down into your heart and grips it with a poignant pain—you cannot help but feel a tightening sensation in your throat and your eyes refuse to function with their usual vision.

Then, by a trick of his voice, there is a sudden transition to comedy that chases the gloom from your thoughts before it sinks too deep. That is a characteristic of Mr. Hunter's genius—for he is unquestionably a genius—he never gives the pathos time to get really planted.

We stood a moment to view the lake. It was all the blues of which you have ever heard—sapphire, cobalt, turquoise—and the lightly dancing sunbeams left blobs of brightness on its surface which called to mind dazzling stones set on plush in jewellers' windows.

We asked Glenn about "West of the Water Tower," his first Paramount picture, which he completed before leaving New York. He at once grew enthusiastic.

"It's going to be great, I think. It's a fine story simply and humanly told and the supporting cast is splendid. I saw the rushes and it looks good. I'm having a regular vacation here in Chicago with only eight performances a week."

It was not percisely our idea of a rest and we told Glenn so.

"Well," he replied, "if you had worked all day at the studio, then played 'Merton' at night, and went back to the studio again after the show for night work—well, this eight performances a week business would seem like nothing at all!"

Heavens, we thought, if that's courting the Muses, we'll go on kidding them, for if there's one thing we're strictly opposed to it's work of any description. Maybe that's why our talents are confined to writing about the movies.

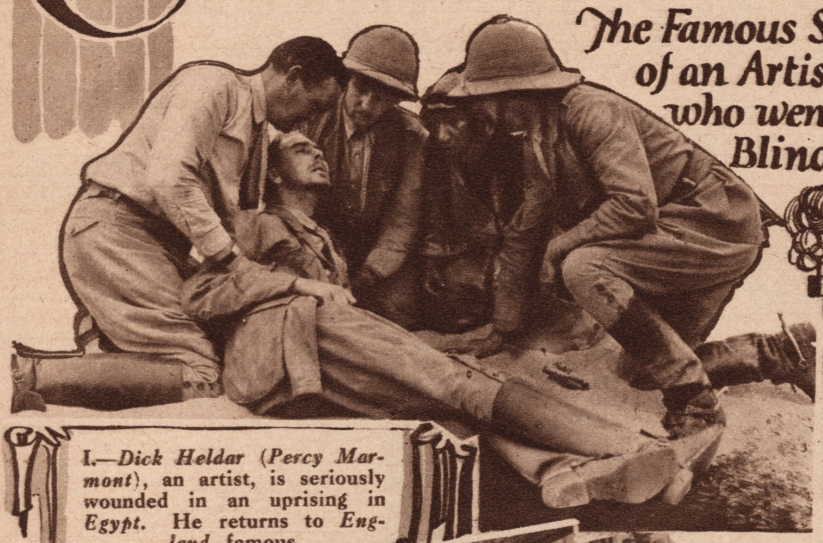
WE REACHED the theatre. "How, Mr. Hunter," we hazarded, "did you gain success?"

"Hard work, young lady," answered Glenn solemnly, in his best Merton manner, "and the constant struggling towards an ideal."

But the twinkle in his eyes and the humorous quirk to his lips, not to mention the provocative inflection of his voice, proved to us beyond a doubt that this clever boy was, in everyday "slanguage," kidding us!

"The LIGHT THAT FAILED"

The Famous Story of an Artist who went Blind

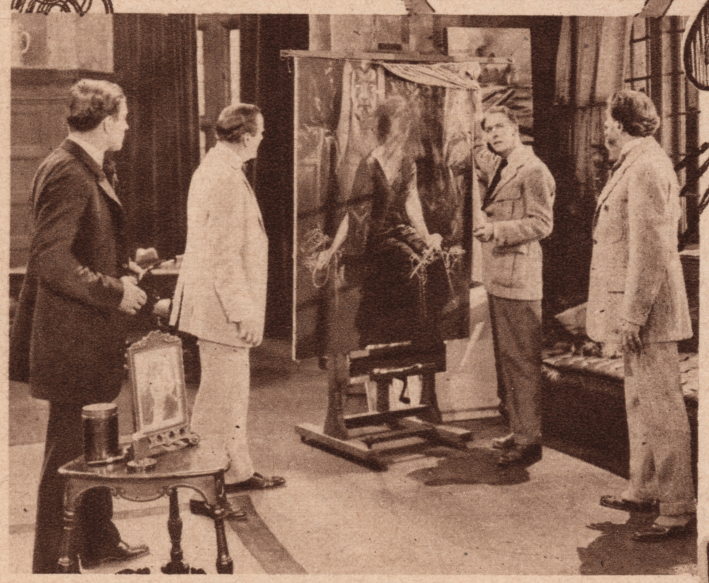


I.—*Dick Heldar* (*Percy Marmont*), an artist, is seriously wounded in an uprising in *Egypt*. He returns to *England*, famous.

II.—*Bessie* (*Jacqueline Logan*), a street waif, loves *Torpenhow* (*David Torrence*), but *Dick* advises his friend against her.

III.—While *Dick* is feverishly trying to finish the masterpiece inspired by his sweetheart, *Bessie* is planning to hurt *Dick*.

IV.—*Bessie* attempts to destroy the painting. *Dick* prevents her. But that night she steals into the studio and slashes the masterpiece.



V.—Next morning *Dick* suddenly becomes blind, due to the injury he received in *Egypt*. He does not know that *Bessie* has ruined his work and exhibits it proudly.

VI.—His childhood sweetheart, *Maisie* (*Sigrid Holmquist*), dedicates her life to caring for him.

Lewis Stone more Romantic than Valentino, says De Sola

Character expert examines features of popular screen actor and finds he "shows every sign of the romantic temperament"

By Vincent de Sola

"There is little vanity in the face of *Lewis Stone*," says *de Sola*, "and plenty of courage."

Lewis Stone

CHARACTER READING: *This face shows reserve, intelligence, and humor in abundance. A tendency towards minor irritability takes away nothing from the likable ensemble. This is a nature of fastidiousness, privately romantic in spite of signs of a certain cultivated worldliness. It is conservative, but nervous, and is highly strung. An excellent mind and a self-understanding humor save it from tmeperamental displays, but not from individual whims.*

MR. LEWIS STONE is one more example of the popular actor who is not also a fashion-plate. In this growing popularity for actors who have something besides good looks to recommend them, there is a vindication of the star system, which once controlled the stage, and now certainly controls the films.

That Mr. Stone should have come into popularity as a leading man and not merely as a character actor, is one more indication of the fact that the public recognizes and admires intelligence—for his is an intelligent face.

Fate, perhaps, does not always distribute the right natures to the right persons. In a previous article in this series I pointed out that Valentino, who has been born with a traditional romantic appearance, is nevertheless not a romantic nature. Mr. Stone, on the other hand, whose most frequent role is that of the tired but prosperous business man, shows every sign of the romantic temperament.

It is a mature as well as an intelligent mind, and its owner has himself safely in hand, aware of his limitations just as much as of his abilities. But the rounding brow is that of the incurable romanticist, and the eyes, for all their humor, carry this out with supplementing force.

His eyebrows are witness to the striking quality of his concentration. Good memory is also indicated in the slight bulges above them to left and right. He is nervously quick to seize upon an idea and penetrate its significance, and is equally quick to probe for the realities of character.

The brows, as well as some—but not all—of the lines of the face, declare his tendency towards irritability. He is one whom numerous things would upset or annoy—stupidity, physical clumsiness, pretense, vulgarity. All or any of these would be likely to "get on his nerves."

Yet there is breadth of understanding and great tolerance in the larger way in his face, and he is one, I deduce, who will never lose his irritability, because he is himself amused by it! He reads himself well, and he has few illusions in spite of a faint tendency towards pomposity, the overflow of his romanticism.

He is worldly, too, and I do not, of course, mean that romance to an intelligence of this type has anything to do with the moon or roses. It is more likely to be concerned with a great, swaggering humor and an appreciation of villainy, and a happy recklessness.

But though these things are presumably in his mind, they are not necessarily traits of his character — another thing entirely. For he carries the further contradiction of reserve, and he is highly conservative, with little of the pioneer about him.

There is little vanity in the face and plenty of courage. It is very possible that it is difficult for him to make cordial friendships very easily, but affectionate ties that he has created he would be likely to be constant to. There is much strength of will in the face, and the lips as well as the brow are finely formed, indicating the refinement of the nature.

Although the face is completely masculine, it is the face of a man of the world, free from the lumbering ignorance and the brutality of so many of the merely good-looking players.

He has keenness of judgment, but he is somewhat intellectually intolerant. There is sadness in the lips and eyes, the vague sadness that always accompanies the romantic temperament. He is chivalrous and sympathetic, but it may be stated that he does not give too much weight to matters not deserving any thought.

The eye is an index to the worry he has sustained from this trait, abetted very materially, of course, by his swift irritation. I hope I have not, by the reiterated use of the word irritation, drawn a picture for any reader of Mr. Stone as an impossible person to know, or even meet. The chances are that he does not betray that irritation except under the highest pressure. He is too intelligent for that. But it is there, in his mind, shaping his character and stamping his face.

HE HAS warm affections and is constant and loyal. Disloyalty in others he cannot brook. He has a good deal of conventionality and only in stray whims does he depart from things that are traditional to the class in which he belongs. He is not publicity crazy and would rather be respected by a few whom he respects.

But, above all, he is intelligent. It is an intelligence which has lent conviction to his roles. Like Milton Sills, he is able to convey the impression of a man who really *has* been skillful enough to put together a large fortune, or master a difficult situation, or perform any of the tasks which the more realistic variety of motion pictures are always requiring.

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

What shall we see at the Movies?

A brief resume of recent pictures that will enable our readers to tell what sort of movie, whether good or bad, is playing at their local theatre.

ANNA CHRISTIE (*Blanche Sweet*)—A splendid screen version of Eugene O'Neil's successful stage play. Story runs smoothly, there is plenty of action and interest, and Blanche Sweet gives one of the best portrayals of the season in the title role.

APRIL SHOWERS (*Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan*)—A mildly amusing little comedy, full of old stuff, but good and clean. A fair evening's entertainment. You may take the kiddies to this one.

ASHES OF VENGEANCE (*Norma Talmadge*)—If you like costume pictures, do not miss this one. It is among the best of this class of photoplay. Norma Talmadge great—Conway Tearle very good as her leading man.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (*Gloria Swanson*)—Gorgeous Gloria her ravishing self here. A very sophisticated comedy, very interesting and with a bit of clever comedy. Just about got by the censors.

COMMON LAW, THE (*Corinne Griffith*)—An extravagant tale of a wealthy artist and a very beautiful model. Not much to it. A typical Robert W. Chambers story. If you like this author, see it, by all means, but leave the children home.

COUNTRY KID, THE (*Wesley Barry*)—No story to speak of, and Wes Barry has outgrown this sort of role. A lot of hokum in it, but also a good many laughs. You'll probably enjoy it and the youngsters surely will.

DAVID COPPERFIELD (*Foreign Cast*)—A very charming but slow moving story. If you are a lover of Dickens, you will find this picture a delightful bit of entertainment. Not much action, it being mainly a character study.

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE (*Baby Peggy Montgomery*)—Story not much but that does not matter. The adorable Baby Peggy gives a very fine performance which is remarkable for her few years. You will love her. Lots of laughs.

DULCY (*Constance Talmadge*)—This was a most amusing play, but the picture is stupid and slow. You will probably be bored regardless of the fact that Constance Talmadge does her best to entertain. It concerns a dumb but well-meaning wife who, in trying to help her husband, says and does the wrong thing at the wrong time. The story depends upon the conversation, which is why it did not make an interesting or amusing picture.

ETERNAL CITY, THE (*Barbara La Marr*—Rather long and very uninteresting picture. The only redeeming features are the beautiful sets and street scenes. The picture was made in Italy which gives it a splendid background, but the story is poor. Richard Bennett the only one in the cast who gives a good performance and his is excellent indeed.

***Leatrice Joy* and *Rod La Rocque* in "*The Ten Commandments*," a forthcoming production.**

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE (*All-Star Cast*)—Good story of the "great open spaces," plenty of action and will prove good entertainment. It is a melodrama pure and simple and makes no attempt at being anything else.

ETERNAL THREE, THE (*Marshall Neilan Production*)—The old, old story of the busy husband, the lonely wife, and the other man, with a new twist here and there. Good entertainment, with lovely Claire Windsor and Hobart Bosworth playing the leading roles. Not up to the Neilan standard.

FLAMING YOUTH (*Colleen Moore*)—A fast-moving story with a great start. Falls down a bit at the finish. Story concerns frivolous young mother and flapper daughter. Colleen Moore the most delightful and amusing flapper of the year. See it for her performance if for nothing else.

GOLD DIGGERS, THE (*Hope Hampton*)—An amusing and very sophisticated tale of the little chorus girls who sing "Dig a little deeper" to their wealthy men friends. But they are good girls, so it is all right. Very amusing. Louise Fazenda funny as the dickens.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILREN (*All Star Cast*)—A very intricate plot concerning the same old story of the wild and jazzy younger generation. If you have nothing else to see, this will do. Bebe Daniels in it, but she has nothing much to do.

IF WINTER COMES (*Percy Marmont*)—If you read and liked the book, you will love this picture. It is done with such sincerity that it is bound to hold your interest. The most notable thing about it is Percy Marmont's splendid portrayal of the lovable "old puzzlehead."

LONG LIVE THE KING (*Jackie Coogan*)—This young star wonderful. A most amusing and beautiful picture. Do not miss it and do not forget to bring the kiddies. The story is great and Jackie a darling little king.

LAWFUL LARCENY (*Hope Hampton and Nita Naldi*)—Mostly hokum crowded down with a lot of enormous and extravagant sets. Miss Hampton wears some beautiful clothes and Nita outdoes herself in the matter of weird-looking head-dress and gowns. Some people will find it entertaining.

Continued on page 31)

Movie Weekly Recommends

"IF WINTER COMES"
"LONG LIVE THE KING"
"MERRY GO ROUND"
"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"
"ROSITA"
"STEPHEN STEPS OUT"
"WOMAN OF PARIS"
"ANNA CHRISTIE"
"ASHES OF VENGEANCE"

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Screen Star Would You Like to Marry?

If you were allowed to choose a mate from all the host of movie stars, which one would you select—and why? For the best letter on this subject we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I would select William S. Hart were I allowed to choose a mate from Movieland.

Why? He is a clean, outdoor man. He appears to realize that health is of paramount importance and that indulgence in either passion or appetite is conducive to mental and physical disease.

He has ideals and stands up firmly for them. His face indicates that he is frank and true to himself as well as to others. I would judge him to be broad-minded.

I think of him as an ideal lover to the right woman. His is a nature that loves whole-heartedly or not at all; he would give his very soul to that which responded. He would preserve and cherish, be faithful unto death in true love. He is no hypocrite!

A real pal and companion as well as a husband—appreciative, considerate, loving, passionate, tender and understanding—these qualities appeal. A home man who looks forward to hours of peace and quiet enjoyment with someone who loves him for himself!

I consider William S. Hart the greatest character (on and off the screen) Movieland has ever known.

MILDRED CLAUNCH.

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She Would Sign Herself Mrs. Lewis Stone

I would sign myself "Mrs. Lewis Stone" if I were allowed to choose a mate from all the host of movie stars!

Mr. Stone is the personification of dignity, refinement and gentility put into one and mixed well. He is "class," underlined and written with a capital "C."

His manner is high-born and courtly, and he has in his kindly face the proofs of a big heart, good fellowship and great sympathy for human suffering. His gray hairs means wisdom. He has experienced some sadness and knows how serious life is. Because of his goodness and his greatness of soul, all his faults could be easily forgiven.

There is a certain wholesomeness about Mr. Stone's convincing personality. A wife never loses respect for a man of his type. He would encourage the smiles of the opposite sex, but would always remain true, and that is why I would choose Lewis Stone if I were allowed, and also if I did not have a husband whom I sincerely love.

MRS. PETER LIPTON.

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This Fan Can't Decide on a Screen Star Husband

"What Screen Star Would You Like to Marry?"

Being a damsel, I must naturally cast my critical eye toward the male element on our silver sheet. It is a hard task, indeed, to eliminate one by one the many handsome and desirable leading men of the screen, and choose the one most suitable for a "hubby."

In fact, I am tempted to succumb and say, "It can't be did!" All of our stars interpret various roles and lose their own personalities in the characters they are portraying. Thus, if I were to judge Mr. Lew Cody's qualifications as a life-partner by the screen impression of him, I would most likely put up my hands in despair. Yet, who knows but perhaps Mr. Cody might fit the pattern?

Then again, Mr. Thomas Meighan, whom so many housewives adore, how would he measure in reality? Yes, and there's our "Rudy," super-heart smasher of 'em all

After all, it can't be done! We have too many nice boys to make the task an easy one!

But the chap that is willing to give as well as take, and does both with a smile, is indeed eligible, be he a movie-actor, bank president or cobbler!

HENRIETTE D. SIGMUND.

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What Irma Sees in Bert Lytell's Face

If I were a great woman in any line of work, I still would choose Bert Lytell for a husband.

Somebody is going to get a nice *Christmas* present from lovely *Helene Chadwick*. Wish we were lucky.

To me, he is best because of the way he acts in pictures. That is all I ever knew of him, and that is all of Bert Lytell I care to know, so my little imaginations and dreams will all the time be of the best.

I like his face. To me it expresses honesty, strength and love. Not that big, scarey love, but everlasting affection and worship.

There seems to be something of sensitiveness under his tight shut lips and there is something that makes me think he is a dreamer. Not dreaming of earthly things, but of heavenly things made of clouds.

I don't mean he is sentimental, but to me he is both a real strong man and as affectionate as a child, with the imagination of a real artist.

IRMA.

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What Raymond Griffith Means to Jeanne!

A sense of humor, a toleration of human faults and fancies, a desire to reach the hearts of those about him, a true sense of proportion, a feeling of interest for everything that happens, these are the prime requisites of compatibility. Raymond Griffith, the one bright "red light" in our coming players, has all necessities to happiness for a partner. I think of him as the one I have wanted to meet and could not find!

If I were to meet him, I believe I would say, "Where have you been all my life?" and would watch him chuckle and grin at my belief in him, then he would say, "Really, my dear, you're all wrong, I'm a ferocious villain, Gr-r-r-r-r-r!" and he would show his pearly teeth in a snarl—because that is Raymond Griffith!

When dreams come true and life fulfills its promises, I will be walking up the aisle—at his side!

JEANNE PETRIX.

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Thomas Meighan Loves the Truth, Thinks Eva

If I were to choose my husband from the numerous male stars that shine on the silver screen, I would select without hesitancy the good-looking, unassuming Thomas Meighan (with apologies to his wife).

He possesses all of the qualities so desirable for an ideal husband.

To my mind, he would never become a bore or have moods you couldn't understand.

Thomas Meighan is a man to be trusted, one who thinks truth is a part of his existence.

He would be a wonderful pal, a sympathetic, understanding husband and a jolly companion. What more could a wife ask from her life mate?

EVA WEST.

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And Here's a Wife for Charlie

Charles Chaplin would be the movie star I should select for a husband if I were to marry into the profession. Not being personally acquainted with him, I have arrived at such a conclusion from observing him in movies and from articles about him I have chanced upon in print.

Since about five years ago, when I saw him do some expert skating and exceptionally good acting on the screen and realized then for the first time that he was an artist, he has been steadily rising in my estimation.

I consider him the very best screen actor we have. His is real acting. Behind his laughable antics are natural artistic ability, cleverness and culture. He knows how to please his audience and does it naturally and with originality and simplicity. He appears to be modest, approachable and very human.

Admiring him as I do and believing that I would understand and appreciate his temperament and disposition to the extent that I would fit into his scheme of existence, I am sure Mr. Chaplin would make an admirable husband.

C. J.

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Ruth Roland is such a clever business woman that she makes almost as much money buying and selling real estate as she earns from her pictures. Recently she made three thousand dollars selling a piece of property, immediately upon closing the deal which gave her title to the land.

"Well," said her banker, when she told him of the transaction, "you are the luckiest person I know. Why, if you fell in the ocean, you would come up with a fish in your pocket."

"Fish nothing!" exclaimed Ruth's broker, who was present at the interview. "If that girl fell into the ocean, she'd come up with a pearl necklace."

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Harold Lloyd, by the way, is quite unique among screen stars. He has his name in the phone book—which any inhabitant of Los Angeles can tell you is a most astonishing thing for a screen star to do. You'd think having a telephone was something for a screen star to be ashamed of; they like to keep the fact a secret like the family skeleton or something.

Anyway, it was quite a surprise to see Harold Lloyd's name there and someone asked him how he dared to be so original.

"Don't people just bother you to death?" was the question that was put to him.

"Oh, sure, they call up all the time," he admitted, "but they're mostly people I owe money to and I let them talk to the maid."

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There may be a lot of talk about the wild life in Hollywood, but when you're discussing those "fast actresses," you can leave out the name of Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's new leading lady. She's as sincere and sweet as they come.

Jobyna is eager to get ahead and she works hard every day and often into the night. There was just one thing that puzzled all her coworkers for a time, though; during the last hour of daylight every afternoon, she always begs off from work, gets out her little coupe and drives home. When necessary, she returns again and goes back to work.

Naturally there was considerable speculation as to what was so important in Jobyna's life as to make her take that long drive home and back every day. But finally, they cornered little Miss Ralston and asked her what it was all about.

And Jobyna told them. She needed that hour, she explained, because she had to dash home and feed her chickens.

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Now that Hollywood is being purified and all that, the hard-working press agents are hard put to it to keep scandal from popping out every now and then. The other day one of them had a bright idea.

He dashed down to the grocery store and came back most mysteriously with a package under his arm. But the mystery was soon solved when he stuck a large sign on the wall, "Our New Slogan; Reporters Please Note."

And under the sign he deposited his purchase—a round can of a popular kitchen cleanser, the label of which reads:

"Chases Dirt."

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Buster Keaton claims to be the world's most unsuccessful agriculturist. In the yard of Buster's home there are trees of all varieties, quite an orchard, in fact. But none of his pear trees, for instance, bears any pears. There isn't a single date on his date trees. And in Buster's back yard there are banana trees—and you can guess the rest.

The Reel Dope

Victor Schertzinger, in directing "In the Palace of the King," found a motto which is the most efficacious one he ever used. He displays it prominently on the lot whenever he is making a picture and those who read it remain silent and production runs along smoothly. The motto reads:

"Diamonds are only chunks of coal that stick to their job."

And everyone sticks!

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In the filming of Zane Grey's "The Call of the Canyon," near Flagstaff, Arizona, the company ran out of grease paint. And nowhere in Flagstaff is there a supply of a thing like grease paint!

Finally someone solved the problem, and twenty-five cowboys made up their faces with plain ordinary mud—at least ordinary for Arizona. They daubed their faces with the famous colored clays from the painted desert there. The clays have long been used by Navajo Indians as war paint.

Jackie Coogan **looks as though he were going upstairs to spank the children for not going to sleep.**

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Claude Gillingwater enjoyed his role in "Tiger Rose," but from some standpoints he's glad it's over. Now he can cut off that beard he has been wearing around for fifteen weeks.

As he is cast for an important role in "Daddies," he is eagerly awaiting word from his director as to what his next facial requirements will be. In the meanwhile he is having a clean shave at last—and he hopes he doesn't catch cold!

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Here's good news for the Joseph Schildkraut fans! He is soon to do "Liliom" on the screen for Metro, and no other than Rex Ingram himself will direct the picture. If the combination of "Liliom," Joseph Schildkraut and Rex Ingram does not prove a "knock-out," then we have no hope for the future of the movies. In case you do not know it, "Liliom" was one of the best plays ever produced on the American stage.

Dainty Ethel Shannon is to be the pretty nurse in the screen version of David Belasco's stage success, "The Boomerang." This is a splendid part and will surely add to Ethel's popularity—and also add to the mail carrier's force at the Schulberg studios. The youth, Jimmie by name, who takes care of the mail at these studios, is complaining now that Miss Shannon gets too much mail for such a young thing. So, if her popularity increases, Jimmie will either quit or demand a few assistants.

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Elmer Clifton, in directing "The Warrens of Virginia," had a most interesting—as well as distressing—experience lately. It seems that three months ago, Mr. Clifton cast a certain nine year old girl for the part of the late Martha Mansfield's younger sister, the heroine of this Civil War picture.

And then, a little while ago, Mr. Clifton decided that he was ready for the youngster and sent for her. But, if you please, she had grown exactly three inches and was no longer the type for the part. Naturally, both he and the child were quite distressed, but there was nothing to do except cast someone else in the role.

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When you criticise a movie set because it doesn't look real, perhaps you may be all wrong. Sometimes, the real thing doesn't look half so real on the screen as a made-up one. For instance, in "Wild Oranges."

What more natural than that the King Vidor company, in making this picture, should select a real orange grove and go there on location? But when they made photographic tests of the oranges, it was discovered that they photographed like clusters of baseballs!

So George Elder, the property man, spent one whole day applying three pounds of grease paint and a box of rouge to those oranges—to make the real thing look real!

Fan Thinks Maurice Flynn A Perfect Lover

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

QUEEN OF SHEBA—Queens are a bit out of date now, I'm afraid. Mary Pickford is thirty. Write to Bebe Daniels for her picture at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Jackie Coogan's latest picture is "Long Live the King."

QUICKSILVER—So you think Maurice Flynn is a perfect lover? I'm sure he'll be delighted that you think so. He is married—yes, they always are, aren't they? He used to be a famous football player at Yale. I'm sorry to hear of your girl friend's death. Yes, indeed, write me if I can give you any advice.

SAYZ—So you'd like to see the color of my eyes? Well, after you saw it, what good would it do? You couldn't change it, could you? Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. See CHAPPY. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Her address is Cosmopolitan Studios, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York.

FRECKLES—It's about time for those freckles to disappear now that summer is over—or don't you put them in storage for the winter? Dorothy Dalton is twenty-nine and is divorced from Lew Cody. Viola Dana is twenty-five and is the widow of John Collins. Doug is forty and Mary thirty. Antonio Moreno was married last spring to Mrs. Daisy Danziger.

CELIA—Sorry you don't think the picture of Thomas Meighan which we published was a good one. It was the best we could get. There doesn't seem to be any likelihood of his becoming a director in the immediate future.

E. H. B.—Mae Murray is thirty. Antonio Moreno is thirty-five. His latest picture is "The Spanish Dancer." See FRECKLES.

PINK CHEEKS—Do I eat fudge? You just bet I do! Never under any circumstances do I smoke it in my pipe or use it to stop up the keyhole. Winter Hall lives at 1963 Beachwood Drive, Hollywood. I hope you get your job as illustrator. I'll even give three cheers for you, if that will help.

S. VERONICA—As to its being wonderful to know all about the stars, that's a matter of opinion. I assure you I don't go around saying to myself, "Oh, I'm so happy because I know where Gloria Swanson was born and who Charlie Ray's wife is, etc." Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn about twenty-five years ago. She has never been married. Richard Talmadge's real name is Metzetti. John Gilbert is twenty-eight.

JACKIE MINTER—Yes, Jackie, as long as it was, this was "as soon as possible" for your answer—that's how long a waiting list I have! Wesley Barry is seventeen; all those freckles are real, though he is outgrowing them now. Monte Blue is thirty-three and Bebe Daniels eighteen. Ramon Novarro is about five feet eight.

GIGGLES—Well, you giggle alone when you send me a long list of questions like that! I'm still trying to catch my breath. George Walsh has brown eyes; he is thirty, and Raoul is thirty-four. Douglas MacLean is married to Faith Cole. Dorothy Dalton hasn't been playing in pictures for months.

Hobart Bosworth **pauses in a perilous position as he starts down the chimney in the role of** ***Santa*** **to surprise his son.**

MRS. M. F. A.—If you had sent me your address, I could have answered you in time, probably, for what you wished to know. It is doubtless too late now. As I know nothing of the exhibition you refer to—not even who put it on—I have no way of knowing whether your pictures would be returned to you.

RAMON'S ADMIRER—Ramon seems to have plenty of them! No, he is not married. Write for his picture at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are not yet married. Hollywood has its "fast" set, just like any other town and also, like any other town, it has its share of normal people. Rudolph will make pictures as soon as he is freed from his present contract, probably next year.

FRESH KID—You've probably gotten stale by now, waiting for your answer. Jeanie MacPherson is one of the best known and most highly paid scenario writers in the industry. Write her at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. I don't know what the chances are of your getting a reply.

SENORITA—So you don't like the complexion of the mail-man in the drawing at the top of the page? Well, perhaps that's only a dark scowl on his face because of the large stack of mail he must deliver. William Collier, Jr. was the son in "Enemies of Women." Write him, c-o Edward Small, 1493 Broadway, New York. It was most unaccommodating of Lila Lee not to marry Thomas Meighan, but he already has one wife. Doug and Mary live at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal.

HELENE—The Frederick Santley you mention usually plays on the stage. I don't think he plans to make any more pictures for the time being. He is the brother of Joseph Santley, a musical comedy star.

VI—There's a very good reason why you haven't heard much of Eugene O'Brien lately. He has confined his activities mostly to the stage. The only picture he has made within the past year is "The Voice From the Minaret," with Norma Talmadge. He is now doing another with her, "Dust of Desire." No, he isn't married.

CATHERINE B — All things come to those who wait, Catherine, so here's your answer at last. Rupert of Hentzau in "The Prisoner of Zenda" was played by Ramon Novarro. Perhaps the argument you mention arose from the fact that Ramon was listed in the cast as Ramon Sameniegos (his real name).

KITTY—I wish you'd come into this office and purr awhile. It might cheer us up on a gloomy day. Alice Terry is five feet one. Gareth Hughes was born in Wales in 1897. He is five feet five and a blond with blue eyes. His address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

POLLY—If you haven't seen any of Constance Talmadge's pictures lately, it must be because you haven't been going to the movies. She played in "Dulcy" quite recently, and before that in "East Is West." She has recently finished "A Dangerous Maid," which will soon be released. Constance is five feet five and weighs 120. Mary Thurman is five feet three and weighs 123. Gloria Swanson weighs 112 and is five feet three. Lena Basquette is not a picture actress but a dancer on the stage.

A LOVABLE BLUE-EYED BLONDE—Who told you all that, or were you just smart enough to guess it? Cullen Landis was born in Nashville about thirty years ago. He has blond hair and grey eyes. Yes, he is married and has two little daughters. He has a sister, Margaret Landis, who also plays in pictures. Cullen lives at 5916 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. No, he is not the son of Judge Landis.

RUTH WHITTLE—There's no such luck as my being able to read character from handwriting. But perhaps it's just as well, considering some of the funny specimens I get—that doesn't refer to yours. It's nearly impossible to get any kind of job in Hollywood, because the place is full of out-of-luck screen aspirants. Ask your railroad ticket office the price of a ticket; I have no means of telling. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(*Continued from page 9*)

It would not be true to say that she felt no concern or was unembarrassed when, her tights being on, she stepped out into the room where the judging was to take place; but it was true that she had so prepared herself in advance for the ordeal, that she was at least unashamed and walked out with the easy, graceful, almost panther-like movement which was natural to her.

For a little while she was painfully conscious of being stared at by the contestants as well as by the judges, but presently, and while the contestants were being given a few simple instructions by the manager, she recovered her poise and was able to study the forms of the women against whom she had pitted herself.

What was her surprise, then, to discover that some of them had attempted to remedy the defects of their bodies by padding, and even by the use of cleverly constructed devices made of papier-mache.

She was not surprised, however, when, after a first cursory inspection, the padded young women were politely dismissed. They went away with scornfully uplifted heads, making audible remarks that reflected on the judgment of the committee.

Grace now found herself one of a body of five, and as she looked the others over with increased care, her hopes began to rise, for, while at least three of them were beautiful in one sense, they were not of the active type, but were soft, prettily rounded, of the sort that gave promise of soon becoming too stout.

It was evident that the members of the committee did not agree, as could be seen by their whispered conferences, until finally it was decided to put the contestants to a number of tests.

One of the members of the committee was an artist of international fame, and he put the young women through a series of poses, which must inevitably bring out points of excellence or betray deficiencies. Grace, although she had never posed before or seen any posing done, soon caught the spirit of the thing and did her best.

The committee then retired and the contestants resumed their conventional garments. The quarter-hour that followed was one of the longest that Grace had ever known; and when the manager finally entered the room, it seemed to her that she had never known a man so long in saying anything.

The decision came at last in a very business-like way:

"Miss Grace Harper wins this preliminary contest and will be sent to New York in accordance with the terms of the agreement. Miss Harper, your expenses will be paid from now on until the final decision has been made."

From this moment Grace had no more trouble; she was in the hands of kind, courteous friends, who cared for her with the consideration and respect that would have been accorded to a daughter.

SHE was obliged to remain a few days in San Francisco, and no doubt that afforded her a valuable experience in city life preliminary to visiting New York, for it accustomed her to being in crowds.

Of course, she wrote joyful letters home, but decided not to say anything about her experience with Don Morton, fearing lest they should become alarmed and wish her to return. Perhaps she was afraid that Will might disregard her wishes and follow her, if not openly, at least secretly; and it offended her sense of independence to think that anyone should feel that she was not quite able to take care of herself.

Then came the journey to New York, which was a delightful experience to a girl who had never been away from home before; and when the metropolis was finally reached and she found herself being whirled in a motor through the streets all ablaze with light, it seemed to her that this was the nearest approach to fairyland she could ever expect to see.

She was fully able to enjoy everything without hesitation or concern, as she was taken care of in every way; and the week that elapsed before the competition took place was one of unalloyed delight to her.

Unconsciously a change began to take place in her outward appearance. Little by little she made changes in her manner of dressing; a ribbon here and there, a bow in the conventional place, a new style of dressing her hair; and the effect was nothing short of marvelous.

She was still the simple-hearted, direct, honest country girl, but personal attractions that had not been very obvious before, were now impossible to pass over. Before the week had gone by, a few trifling changes had also removed the most prominent signs of her country breeding.

Not that these signs were in any way objectionable, but they are always noticeable in a great city, which has certain peculiarities of its own. Grace was simply conforming in the non-essentials of appearance in order to escape too much attention. She did not realize that she had put herself in the way of attracting more attention by making it impossible for anyone to look at her without being struck by her beauty.

Patsy Ruth Miller **looks as though she were trying to steal old *Santa's* job.**

One thing alone that she had done had increased her chances in the competition. She had changed a plain, severe style of dressing her hair to one that softened her face and lent it a classic beauty, while at the same time it accentuated the graceful, queenly poise of her head.

The competition this time was an infinitely more severe ordeal than the first one had been. To begin with, she now found herself pitted against the selected beauties of two continents; and there were many very beautiful ones, as she was quick to acknowledge.

And now the choice was to be left to the public, which was to decide by ballot which it considered the most beautiful of the contestants. Artistically posed and looking like the living embodiments of the old classic statuary, the contestants were presented to the thousands of eager spectators on pedestals in cabinets draped with dead black, against which the pink-clad forms stood out in exquisite beauty in the glare of powerful lights.

CHAPTER XIII

Grace's Surpassing Beauty

APPLAUSE greeted one after another of the contestants as each was revealed by the drawn curtain. It was plain enough that the friends of the contestants were there in force, for as each one of the latter was seen, cries went up, calling her name and claiming for her the prize.

Grace listened to these cries in dismay. She had no friends to cry out her name, she had no friends to go around among the spectators soliciting votes. Even if she had equal or greater beauty, how could she hope to win?

One after another the contending beauties were exhibited to the delighted onlookers, until Grace's turn came. The pose she had chosen was a simple, appealing one, and she wondered if she had not made a mistake in not choosing a more ambitious one, as most of the other contestants had done.

It was too late to change, even if she had been so minded, however, and she called up all her self-control and courage as she stepped on the pedestal and fell into the pose she had studied.

The curtain was drawn and thousands of eyes rested on the unknown girl who had come all the way from the Pacific Coast to compete for the prize of the world's beauty.

They looked and were silent. It seemed to Grace for a moment as if she must drop under the mortification of that disapproving silence. She should have maintained her pose without change, but under the stress of her strong feeling, she slowly turned her head and looked piteously out on the surging sea of upturned faces. Had she not one friend there?

It was as if her movement had broken a spell that had fallen on the spectators; for, as if with one accord, such a shout went up and swept like a storm over that crowd that the applause the previous posers had received seem faint in comparison.

That roar from those thousands of delighted spectators was their involuntary acknowledgment of Grace's surpassing beauty. For a moment the whole place seemed to swim before her eyes; and, indeed, not until the curtain had been down for a full minute did she recover herself.

Plainly enough the assembled crowd had crowned her the most perfect beauty; but there were other days of posing yet to come, and on each day the voting was to take place.

The crowds applauded her and went wild over her beauty, but the voting went against her. Some plainly less beautiful contestants were receiving more votes than she, who was winning the most applause.

She thought a while over this. The prize was slipping away from her. She could not help knowing now that she was at least as beautiful as any of them there. What should she do? She mingled with the crowds one day during the hours when there was no posing, and with a veil over her face so that she might not be recognized, she watched and listened.

She discovered that some of the contestants had friends in the thronging multitude, and that these friends were busily engaged in begging and buying the ballots which were given with the entrance tickets. In this way, and before the visitor had had time to make his own judgment, the wily friend of one or another contestant had secured his ballot. It was these begged or purchased ballots that were swelling the majorities of some of the contestants.

Grace, in her direct way, having fortified herself with these facts, went to the managers of the exhibition and stated the case. It turned out that they had become aware of the conditions prevailing, and were considering what to do. They now presented the case to the gentleman whose interest in the cause of physical culture had induced him to offer the prize, and he at once decided that some other plan for determining the winner should be chosen.

After some thought, he decided that a jury of artists, both painters and sculptors, of the highest renown, should be asked to make the decision. The contestants could not but agree to this plan, and it was at once put into operation.

(*Continued on page 28*)

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The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(*Continued from page 27*)

IN A WAY, it was even harder to stand up to be judged by these men, who were experts in beauty of form, than to pose before the immense crowds which had thronged the vast expanse of Madison Square Garden.

It seemed to Grace that when their critical and cold eyes studied her she at once became aware of a thousand imperfections of which she had not been conscious before. She watched their faces anxiously, but could not discern their thoughts.

Carefully each contestant was studied, and the result jotted down in the fateful notebooks which the judges held in their hands. The rival beauties then threw their cloaks about them and waited for the decision.

All but four of them were told that they were rejected; and it was notable that some of those who had been rolling up big votes were among those dismissed. But Grace was one of the four.

She could not help wondering if the winning of that prize could possibly mean as much to any other of the contestants as it did to her. And she eagerly studied them and tried to compare herself with them. One of them she had from the first considered more beautiful than herself, and the other two were surely as beautiful.

Again these four were studied. They were posed in scores of ways. Again the jury retired.

Presently the manager came to them and told them that the jury felt that it would be impossible for them to decide on the basis of one prize. If, they said, the contestants were willing that four prizes should me made of the one, the decision could be given instantly.

It seemed as if the ladies were moved by a unanimous feeling, for they all acceded instantly. Grace knew how she felt, and she presumed the others felt the same way. She knew that the strain on her nerves was beginning to tell, and she felt that she would rather be sure of a part than risk the loss of the whole.

"Miss Grace Harper wins the first prize, which is five hundred dollars."

She remembered nothing more of what the manager said than that. They had pronounced her the most beautiful woman in the world; she, Grace Harper, a simple country girl, who had never thought of beauty until a few weeks ago, was so beautiful that she could win a prize! But that was not the thing she thought of most of all. What ran in her thoughts was that she had five hundred instead of a thousand dollars to send home to help pay off the mortgage.

She received the congratulations of the artists and the managers with a simplicity that charmed them. She was not elevated in her own esteem by anything that had happened. Her beauty had won her five hundred dollars, and therefore her beauty was a good thing. If it had brought her one thousand, it would have been twice as good a thing.

She was rejoiced to have won so much, but she knew there must be more money yet before her father's load could be sufficiently lightened. She was thinking this as she walked slowly away, her check for five hundred dollars safely tucked away in her bosom.

"Miss Harper!"

SHE started and looked around. She was still in the great Garden, but it was silent now and empty. The person who had spoken to her was one of the sculptors who had been on the jury, and he was the only one who had betrayed any admiration for her.

"Yes, sir?" she said inquiringly.

"I hope you will forgive me, Miss Harper," he said respectfully, "but I am a sculptor, and as such I want to ask you a question at which I beg you will not take offense."

"Why should I, sir?" she asked hesitatingly. "What do you wish to ask me that I might take offense at?"

"I am looking for a model to pose for me, and you are precisely such a model as I wish. Will you? I will pay you well."

"Why," she answered, still hesitatingly, "I don't see why I should not. Why should I take offense?"

"Perhaps you do not understand that I should wish you to pose nude."

"Oh!" she cried and went on hastily, "no, I didn't understand. No, sir, I couldn't do that. Oh, no!"

"There is such a trifling difference between that and posing in tights as you have done. And you would be seen by no one but me."

"But it is that trifling difference that I mind, sir. Don't think I am foolish about it, but indeed I cannot do it. Thank you for asking me, but I cannot do it."

"I would pay you a large sum."

"No, no," she answered, and hurried away.

"If you should change your mind," she heard him call after her, "come to me."

"I shall not change my mind," she said to herself.

No, Grace would not pose nude, but she needed money now, and when she was back in her room in the hotel, she thought it all out. She must pay all her own expenses now, and that meant that she must either work or go home. And she had decided not to go home until she had earned enough money to pay off the mortgage.

It seemed not a very difficult thing to the girl who had so easily gained the sum of five hundred dollars. Her return ticket to her home was provided for. It would be given to her whenever she asked for it. It only remained for her to find a cheap room and then look for employment.

The room was easily obtained. She had learned that she might apply to the Young Women's Christian Association for their list of rooms, and she did that as soon as she had written a letter home telling of her success and enclosing the check she had won.

It might have been wiser if she had retained some of the money to cover contingencies, but she would no more have touched a penny of that money than she would have desecrated some sacred thing. To her that check was consecrated to the payment of the mortgage.

By the time she had paid her first week's rent for her new room and had settled with the expressman who had taken her trunk to it, there was so little left in her purse that she felt that she must lose no time in finding employment.

The life she had been leading for the past week or ten days had been a very exciting one, and she would have been glad to take a rest of two or three days, but as that was out of the question now, she consumed the remainder of the day in taking a brisk walk up to Central Park and through it.

Bright and early the next morning she was out, and soon was back in her room with a newspaper. She read all the "Help Wanted" advertisements, but could find only one thing that she thought herself at all fitted for, and she was uncertain enough even as to that.

A cloak model. Now she had no more notion of what a cloak model was than if it had been an astronomical instrument, but she saw that it was something needed in one of the big department stores, and she fancied it would be a position requiring a good figure, and she did not hesitate to believe that she had that if she had nothing else.

So a little earlier than the hour named in the advertisment, she went to the great store and was directed to an upper floor, where she took her place with a number of other young women, all evidently there on the same errand as herself.

Now, it so happened that Grace had made herself a new gown on a physical culture pattern that she had found, having employed every leisure moment during the past few days in working at it; and not only was she very much delighted with it herself, but one of the artists on the jury, having seen it the day before, when she had first worn it, had expressed himself as charmed to see so artistic a gown.

With such an endorsement of her own views about the dress, she felt particularly at ease. And indeed she had been perfectly well aware that more than one man had stared at her in admiration that morning. Perhaps, too, her mirror had told her that she was not quite hideous.

Nevertheless, when she joined the other young women who were in waiting, they first stared at her beautiful face with envy, and then, after a glance at her clothes, exchanged among themselves scornful smiles and meaning looks of amusement.

"What a dowdy!" said one.

"Did you ever!" said another. "A shape like that and coming for a position like this."

Grace, however, was happily unaware of what was being said about her, and waited her turn with considerable equanimity. She was finally ushered into a room, where sat a very sleek-looking gentleman with a beautiful black mustache,

which filled her with a suspicion that it had been dyed.

CHAPTER XIV

A Cloak Model

THE man's rather dull and fishy eyes lighted up when she entered the room, and he moistened his lips as if in anticipation of pleasure in store for him. It annoyed Grace to have his eyes rove lingeringly over her as they did, but she endured it with no more than a growing flush to betray what she felt.

"Have you ever filled such a position as this?" he asked, purringly.

"No, sir. I have never worked in a store in any capacity, but I need something to do, and I thought this might be something I was suited for."

"Because you have a beautiful form, I suppose?" he said with a leer.

"Yes, sir. I didn't know what would be required of me, but I thought I would apply. What is the work, please?"

"We want a cloak model, my dear. We need a young lady of fine presence and beautiful form to try on our cloaks for our customers to see the effect of them. Are you from the country?"

She wanted to resent his familiarity in calling her dear, but he said it in such a peculiar way that she found it difficult to know just what to say; moreover, she wanted the employment and thought to herself that when she had obtained it she would have little or nothing to do with him.

"I am from California," she answered coldly.

"Living with friends, I suppose," he said, rubbing his hands together as if washing them.

"No, sir, I am alone here." She told him this because she knew there would soon be a question of references, and she wished to explain why she could not give any. "I came on here to compete for the prize at the Madison Square Garden. I expected to go back home again right away, but have decided to remain here."

"Oh!" he cried, his eyes devouring her again in that peculiarly offensive way; "in the beauty show, eh? I was there. Lost the prize, I suppose, and now want to earn some money, eh?"

"No, I won the prize."

"Did you, though. The most beautiful woman in the world, eh? Well, well! I thought I had an eye for beauty. Oh, I remember you now. Yes, yes. Well, it will be funny, my dear, if we can't find a place for the world's beauty, eh?" His tone was more familiar than before, and his leer more offensive. He made her think of the stories she had read in mythology of the satyrs. "My dear, we want you; yes, indeed we want you. Miss Hotchkiss!" he cried, raising his voice.

A tall, slender, prim woman of the most conventional type of figure, and with a face that was cold and grim of aspect, entered the room.

"I have chosen this young lady, Miss Hotchkiss," the man said. "Please instruct her in her duties."

"But," protested Grace, "I don't know yet what my duties are or my pay."

"You have nothing to do but to try on cloaks, look pleasant—which I am sure will be easy for you—and be paid twenty-five dollars a week to begin with. Now, go with Miss Hotchkiss, and she will give you any further instructions you need, and will tell you when to come."

Grace always remembered her first experience as a dress and cloak model.

"Here! Turn around and let me put this cloak on you," Miss Hotchkiss had said. "Now, madam," she said, in a louder tone, after she had adjusted the cloak on Grace, and addressing a lady who stood talking to a gentleman nearby, "if you will be so good as to look at this. It is a beautiful garment and hangs elegantly. Turn around," she said in a low tone to Grace, and Grace turned.

She looked up as she did so, and found herself face to face with Don Morton, whose startled eyes were staring full into hers.

(*Continued next week*)

Just Like His Dad!

(*Continued from page* 7)

course I've always admired Dad tremendously and I've wanted to do the things that he does on the screen. But since being there I've come to realize that although I *am* like him, I am different, and probably always will be. For instance, the sort of athletic thing that Dad does so well is entirely out of my line. So in this respect I could never be said to imitate Dad. I know I smile like him, but that's natural. Outside of that I just want be myself, and then if folks like me, I'll have only myself to thank."

He is tall for his age, is young Douglas, with great promise of outstripping his dad in height, for the lad, it would appear, is destined to become a big man in stature and bulk.

"Does this interest in writing for the stage mean that you may some day leave the screen for the stage?" we asked.

He shook his head quickly.

"Oh, no," he answered. "I like the screen and I always hope to act on it. But I like the stage, too, and I hope some day to try it, even if it is just for a while, when I'll return to the screen again."

And we guessed, as we said good-bye to him, that this was a heritage rightfully bequeathed him by his father, who we remember a perfectly terrible number of years ago as an actor, in a play called "The Pit," and might prove a prophecy to be ultimately and notably fulfilled. For Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, is just like his dad, and history, we are told, repeats itself.

Stay Away from Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 11)

become a burden on the community of Hollywood. In the case of a girl of wealth, it is entirely a different question. She can pay her way without depending upon the ordinary means of making money—work.

There is no wish or effort on the part of this magazine to discourage the girl with sincere movie ambitions from taking her chance in Hollywood at the psychological moment. But, unless she is rich, the psychological moment is that moment when her pocketbook is capable of carrying her over a period of trial and probation. The thing to do is to work and save sufficient funds to finance a trip to Hollywood.

Statistics compiled by interested persons and organizations, reveal that the chance of the average pretty girl in Hollywood is 1,000 to 1, so far as breaking into the movies without "pull" is concerned. Five hundred of every thousand who land in Hollywood never get to see the inside of a studio. About ten out of a thousand find odd jobs here and there as extras, and spend most of their time wondering where the next dollar, or meal, is coming from. It is estimated that one hundred out of every five hundred have experiences which keep them from ever returning home and looking their mothers in the face again.

There is no justification for blaming the movies for the tragedies of these girls who will not heed wise counsel and well-meaning advice and stay away from Hollywood. The individuals concerned are to blame alone. But Movie Weekly, in its efforts to save any girl from what may be her fate at the end of the Hollywood trail, repeats, "Stay away from Hollywood!"

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Too Good for Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 5)

twelve with a vengeance. Producers clamored for her services, the film people deluged her with invitations, the public pleaded for her pictures and autographs. Triumph was very, very sweet to the girl.

She almost laughed in Sam Schuler's face the day he came to offer her a contract of five thousand dollars a week. She refused him coldly and emphatically.

"Good God, girl, what do you want? That's the fattest contract I ever offered anyone." Poor fat old Sam Schuler almost wept in his desire to grab this new money-making star.

"But I've no sex appeal, Mr. Schuler. I would never do for your pictures," Nola smiled softly.

"No sex appeal? That's all you have got," said the puzzled producer and departed.

Nola stayed with Jack Meade. She could have drawn a larger salary from almost any other company, but, as she told him:

"Your direction made me. So long as you need me in your pictures I shall stay with you."

"I shall always need you, Nola." The man's voice was low and vibrant with feeling.

Nola left him strangelv hurt. Once upon a time he had said those very words to Goldie Monroe.

Time passed and an ocean of scandals began to break on the shores of Hollywood. One prominent director was murdered, divorces became disgustingly prevalent among the screen sirens, dope and drink parties got more and more stars in Dutch with the public.

The producers started tearing their hair. Their golden egg was slowly but surely getting away from them. Censorship added to their troubles and the public started staying away from the pictures.

"We won't go to see a lot of rotters who draw down five thousand dollar a week salaries," seemed to be the universal verdict of the theatre-goers.

PRODUCERS raised a hue and cry for good little girls. But they couldn't find enough of them to go around. Lois Lilson, who was never known to look or say or do a thing that Madame Grundy could take exception to, found herself swamped with offers for contracts. And the few others like her found themselves in the same delightful fix.

Nola was surprised on reaching the studio one day to find Jack frantically pacing the floor in his office.

"Jack," she said, "what's the matter?"

He took her hand gruffly. "I must find Goldie Monroe at once. I have the greatest ingenue lead right here in my hands that the screen has ever seen." He waved a manuscript rather wildly in the air. "You could do it, Nola, but you have been associated with these sex dramas of mine. I must have a girl like Goldie. The public remembers her spotless reputation, her fame for being a regular girl. If I could have her reputation tacked onto your appeal and beauty we could get across the hit of the year. . . . Goldie!"

Before she realized what had happened, Jack had seized her in his arms and was kissing her brow, her cheek, her flaming scar of a mouth and Goldie found herself not accepting his homage, but returning it to the best of her ability, which was some ability, you will admit——that is, if the screen camera reflects truly.

"Oh, Jack," she cried happily, "how did you ever know me?"

He laughed, chuckled, in fact, chortled with glee. "My dear, you can't fool love with a lot of dye and paint. The first time I touched your hand, I knew it was my little Goldie . . . come back."

And so it came about that the press carried great headlines announcing the fact that the great emotional actress, Nola Knight, was one with the good little girl, Goldie Monroe, emoting under a black wig, and that from now on she would be known neither as Miss Knight nor Miss Monroe, but as Mrs. Jack Meade

Screenland Personalities

(*Continued from page* 12)

that Meighan possesses a "Save-the-Film Personality." In fact, we often think of him as a "Lasky Life-Saver."

The fair La Marr is the girl of a "Mystery Personality." Has anybody ever read Barbara aright? She has one of the most magnetic personalities on the screen, and yet I doubt if anybody "reel" or "real" knows her as she really is. Perhaps her ability to keep us guessing has aided her in rising to the dizzy heights. May she never take a tumble down the ladder of fame.

Often have we tried to analyze the personality of the incomparable Rudolph Valentino. At times we would call his the "Romantic Personality," and yet, is it? He is a male Sphinx—impenetrable, romantic and intriguing at all times. Perhaps this combination explains the secret of his success. Women adore him and men call him regular. Here's hoping Rudie's adorable personality will soon be bringing romance into our lives again.

Norma Talmadge has the "Lovable Personality," and this is something that we don't need to attempt to analyze for her fan friends. Every body considers Norma one of the most lovable personalities in the land of flickering films. She never overacts or gushes, yet she always gives the fans a real treat. That is why she is so well loved. What a thoroughly fascinating Juliette she will make, with her own lovable personality outstanding in the portrayal of this role.

Pola's erstwhile fiance, the famous Mr. Chaplin, has "Clown Personality," and we say this knowing that he won't feel flattered by our classification. Charlie is the type of man who is a sad, pathetic and amusing clown doomed to go through life making people laugh—yet, all the while he longs—like Merton to do "bigger and better things."

Last, but not least, is the girl with the "Jazz Personality"—personified by none other than alluring, vampy, adorable Mae Murray. Isn't Mae the very personification of jazz, and can't you just tell that so much of her own personality is that of a modern jazz baby. She has lots of pep and human interest in her personality, and what happier or more interesting combination could you find?

In culminating our little story of Screenland Personalities, it is hardly necessary to elucidate that personality alone can make no star. With an appealing personality one must combine genuine hard work and self-sacrifice.

News Notes

"West of the Water Tower" called for an actor who had never before appeared in a picture—none other than a fly! Rollin Sturgeon, the director, says that in his career he has directed everything from mice to elephants, but this is the first time he was ever called upon to direct a fly.

It was the scene where Glenn Hunter wakes up the morning after his graduation. It was necessary that a fly be found with enough interest in Glenn's nose to linger around and get photographed. The property man spent the morning gathering up stray flies around the studio!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"Wild Oranges" should have an added interest for the fans when they try to determine whether they are looking at Frank Mayo or James Kirkwood. For when Jimmie fell off his horse into bed, so to speak, he was in the midst of playing hero in "Wild Oranges." King Vidor, the director, had just spent a lot of perfectly good money on long location stuff in Florida, so when Frank Mayo was substituted for Jim in the leading role, it was out of the question to take the whole company back to Florida to retake those original scenes. So King sat down one night with the fillum, and observed it carefully. All the shots that showed Jim's back and semi-profile, he saved—and found that he could use two-thirds of the scenes that had been shot.

What a nice little game that will be for the fans when they see "Wild Oranges." They can have a guessing contest as to whether they are looking at Jim or at Frank.

What We Shall See At the Movies

(*Continued from page 25*)

MERRY-GO-ROUND (*All-Star Cast*)—One of the finest pictures of the month. Very entertaining. It is a Viennese story and can boast of a cast that is excellent, each one doing exceptionally well with their parts. Sure you will like it.

PONJOLA (*Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood*)—Story does not run smoothly. A bit jerky so that it is rather hard to follow the idea. Follows the book pretty closely. It is fairly good entertainment. Anna Nilsson cut off her beautiful hair to play the role of a boy and she is interesting in this role, even though it is not the best thing she has ever done.

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER (*Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr*)—Very, very amusing. In fact, this is really funny. Concerns the adventures of a pair of Jewish clothing merchants. It is splendid entertainment, so do not miss it.

ROSITA (*Mary Pickford*)—Even though you cannot see Mary Pickford as a wild Spanish street singer, you will like "Rosita." It is as beautiful as anything that has appeared on the screen this season. Mary is her charming and dainty self, displaying her many amusing mannerisms. The story is good, and Holbrook Blinn's performance as the King is delightful.

SIX DAYS (*Corinne Griffith*)—You will find this sufficient for an evening's entertainment. Corinne Griffith very fine—story, Elinor Glyn.

STEPHEN STEPS OUT (*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*)—A very clean, amusing comedy that will prove excellent entertainment for the whole family, particularly the boys. Doug, Jr. is a clean-cut youngster. If you insist upon love stories, stay away from this one. No girls, no love scenes—for a change. It is refreshing.

SPANISH DANCER, THE (*Pola Negri*)—Pola's best picture since her arrival in this country. She is again the fiery gypsy. The sort of role that suits her so perfectly. Antonio Moreno's work is excellent.

THUNDERING DAWN (*Anna Q. Nilsson and J. Warren Kerrigan*)—Very poor story, very poorly done. Do not go out of your way to see it.

UNSEEING EYES (*Lionel Barrymore and Seena Owen*)—Another story of the great North where men are men. Very boresome, but the snow scenes are the most gorgeous we have ever seen. If you are looking for scenic beauty alone, this will do.

VIRGINIAN, THE (*Kenneth Harlan and Florence Vidor*)—A long drawn-out story of the early Western days. In spite of the fact that it is a Western picture, there is little or no action.

WOMAN OF PARIS, A (*Written and directed by Charlie Chaplin*)—Do not miss this one. It is something so different, so entirely new to the screen that you cannot help but be interested. No doubt the finest picture ever produced. The story is just about "A Woman of Paris."

WOMAN PROOF (*Thomas Meighan*)—If you like Thomas Meighan, you will enjoy "Woman Proof." It is amusing and would be more so if a few of the dull spots were cut out. Titles are excellent, by George Ade, who wrote the story. Supporting cast very good, headed by Lila Lee. It is a story of the will stipulating marriage before a certain date or the heirs lose the money, but it is done a little differently.

WAY MEN LOVE, THE (*Ellioatt Dexter*)—Not a sex story, as it sounds, so you can take the children. If you like thrills, there is a marvelous train wreck. Elliott Dexter good as the man who cures ills of the body and soul by the power of his mind. If you are interested in mental healing, see this.

ZAZA (*Gloria Swanson*)—A vivid tale of a wild little French actress who loved her man violently. Interesting, but Gloria is not as good as in her previous picture, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Used by famous specialists in hair and skin treatments for men. Just a few minutes daily results in crisp, healthy hair and glowing skin. Gives men that healthy outdoor color and clear complexion.

May be used any time, anywhere. Soothes the nerves, relieves pain and imparts sparkling, healthy beauty that is permanent; it is Nature's own way. Beautifies the human skin like dew refreshes flowers. Use it at home.

An Amazing Discovery that improves Health, Beauty, Vitality—

THIS most amazing discovery of scientists, now bringing health, happiness and beauty into the lives of thousands. It is Nature's own way—dependable, harmless and pleasing. Results are certain and speedy. Purifies the blood and builds circulation. Endorsed by leading beauty specialists, doctors and plain folks.

For Men and Women

Brings new rays of sunshine into the household.

Used by every member to relieve pain, build strength, vitality and beautify with the permanent natural health that makes men and women magnetically fascinating, attractive.

Acts Instantly—No Delays

You immediately feel and see results from this marvelous scientific device. No long waiting, no tedious delays. It puts roses in your cheeks and sparkle in your eyes. Gives crisp healthy lustre to hair and creates "pep" and vigor from the very first use.

This device generates Violet Rays which are pleasantly soothing and quickly calm and quiet the nerves. Creates Ozone which destroys disease and germs—it purifies the blood and stimulates circulation. This is truly a boon and blessing to all who seek magnetic, vital health and permanent beauty.

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Men and women, without experience, earn liberal profits in spare time showing Violet Rays to neighbors. Proves results first demonstration. Sells on sight. Get attractive offer and wholesale prices now.

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Until recently folks were compelled to go to doctors and beauty specialists to secure the benefit of the wonderful scientific treatments. This cost considerable money, was often embarassing and consumed much time. Now you can enjoy these marvelous treatments, in comfort, any time you like, in the privacy of your home. Every member of the family may enjoy its use, whether for health or beauty culture

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For a limited time only we offer readers of this magazine the opportunity to use this marvelous scientific device freely at home for ten days and enjoy its wonderful results without cost or obligation. We have found that to sell one is to sell many in every neighborhood, hence, this unusual free introductory trial offer. Mail the coupon at once—don't delay too long or the offer will be withdrawn.

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By JUNGARY RUSS

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This natural and supreme Law must not be confounded with hypnotism, auto-suggestion, psychology, spiritual science, psychic science, mental science, nor with electricity, osteopathy or any other method—mental or physical—ever devised in the past.

No self-hypnotizing phrases or formulas to repeat—no yielding, no recession, no giving up of anything, nothing to study, nothing to actively practice, no lessons to read, no books to buy, nothing to memorize, no self-deception—nothing but truth—reality—Natural Law.

A Marvelous, Mystifying Power of Nature Absolutely Free

Perfect health cures every known and conceivable disease. This Natural Law is guaranteed to give perfect health.

Death Eliminates the "Unfit" to Live

Thousands of human beings die of various so-called diseases, but all of these die of but one disease —unfitness to live.

Regardless of What Be Your Ailment, It Is But the Effect of Unfitness to Live—Deficient Power of Life and Health

There are Twenty-five thousand quadrillions of units—living beings—in each human body. This amazing Natural Law, when used, makes everyone of these units more highly alive, more vital, more powerful, more efficient and thus, more able to render the highest type of service unto self, as well as unto the entire organism. Each human being is only as alive as these units are alive, no more—no less.

This Marvelous Natural Law is pleasant and agreeable. Through it, you positively put yourself in harmony with the forces of Life and thus, you cause them to cure for you, heal for you, work for you, function for you and manifest power and supremacy for you. It makes the Creative Principle of life your servant and you the Master of your health, life, conditions and destiny.

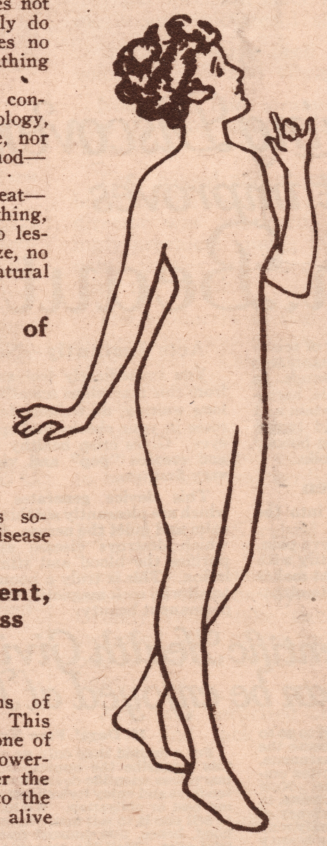
Through this startling Natural Law anyone can rid self permanently, of nervousness, weakness, congestion, indigestion, rheumatism, constipation, tuberculosis, catarrh, nervous exhaustion and every weakness of male and female.

This unique Natural Law gives immunity from every disease of the inferior life—colds, tuberculosis, pneumonia, nervous prostration, auto-intoxication, billiousness, sour stomach, acidity, asthma, malnutrition, anemia, sleeplessness, morbidness and impotency.

This sensational Natural Law produces new and superior arteries, new and superior veins, new and superior heart, new and superior lungs, new and superior glands, new and superior organs, new and superior cells, and a new and superior organism and powers of every kind.

This revolutionary Natural Law contains no disadvantages—it has no drawbacks. Remember it requires no time, no exercise, no dieting, no drugging, no believing, no changing—nothing but advantages and gratification through and through. It superiorizes health and life—the results are immediate—anyone can use it.

I prophesy that this mysterious Natural Law will drive every disease, weakness and delusion entirely from the human race.



I am positive it is destined to banish weakness and delusion from the human race by making supreme health and supreme reality inevitable.

Through this rejuvenating *Natural Law*, anyone may have the health and vitality of a lion or a tiger, without the inconvenience of being a wild animal, compelled to live in a wild state of Nature, with all of the inconveniences — the natural law that keeps a lion and a tiger vital and well is now yours, free, to use.

Tigers and lions living in a wild state of Nature do not look out for their health—this Natural Law looks out for their health. They do not run from one doctor to another or take pills and powders and try out remedies. They put the responsibility for their health on this Natural Law —you may do the same through this unique Natural Law.

It is no longer necessary for anyone to spend money for treatments and doctors and drugs and dieting and books and systems and lessons and cures and pills and devices, because perfect and supreme health and life are absolutely free through this health-producing Natural Law.

Why be weak, why be ill, why be fat, why be thin, when you may, absolutely free, become in every way, perfect and supreme through this sensational Natural Law?

This startling *Natural Law* yields amazing nerve force, amazing energy, amazing vitality and extraordinary power of every character of mind and body —a new and superior life.

Through this wonderful Natural Law you may have all of the benefits of exercise, without exercise or its disadvantages; all of the benefits of conscious deep breathing with none of the disadvantages; the full and complete benefit of every vitamine and organic iron without drugs or dieting; all of the benefits of medicine and drugs with none of the disadvantages of medicine and drugs; all of the benefits of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology, without the disadvantages of auto-suggestion, hypnotism and psychology; all of the benefits of dieting and every other kind of treatment, device or assistance, with none of the disadvantages.

This marvelous *Natural Law* will banish high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, "old age," nerve-exhaustion and tuberculosis from the human race.

Perfect health prevents all disease of an infectious and contagious character—all of the diseases that thrive in inferior organisms. Every disease fails when it attacks an organism fully fortified by this vitality-producing Natural Law.

This creative Natural Law can so energize, vitalize and vivify every one of the twenty-five thousand quadrillions of living beings or units in your body, as to make ill health absolutely impossible, and at the same time, giving you a new meaning for life, health, power and gratification.

There exists in every living being or thing a creative, curative, healing, thinking, knowing and acting Force. This force acts only in terms of reactions. This dominant Natural Law arouses within it the highest type of reactions—all of this without waste of time or any active effort of exercise of any character.

This demonstrable Natural Law energizes, vitalizes and enlivens every one of the living units in the human body. Through this Law you actually harness the creative and living power of the creative force of life. You attain results accordingly as you demand.

It has been discovered that every quality and power and process and function of mind and body arises out of, and springs from, one source. The Law through which this "source" is harnessed and capitalized without effort has also been discovered.

This secret is offered to you absolutely free. There are no "conditions" or "strings" attached to this offer.

This astonishing Natural Law is most marvelous, most simple, most subtle, and most powerful. It is the Law of creative power.

Remember, there is nothing to buy, nothing active to do, nothing to study, nothing to believe, no time to waste, no habits to give up, nothing to lose—there is no mystery—it is merely a Natural Law.

If you are not enjoying life to the full—if you are in any way handicapped—if you are not in possession of all of the powers of mind and body in the highest degree, you owe it to yourself to at once procure for yourself, free of charge, this surprising Natural Law.

Remember that demonstration and results are immediate.

If you wish to feel newly alive, newly vital, newly ambitious, newly and supremely well, send your name today.

This powerful Natural Law creates perfect health just as heat converts rigid ice into yielding water.

It is a perfectly natural phenomenon—demonstrably true, yet so marvelously simple, as to be almost unbelievable.

It transforms the gloom of disease into the bloom of health, as the rays of the spring sun transform the dead soil into a "sea" of luxuriant vegetation. It is destined to revolutionize human health and happiness —Humanity.

You would not be without this secret if you could imagine how delightfully transformed your life would be through the possession of this new and deeper realization of happiness, pleasure, joy and gratification.

Anyone—male or female—above fifteen years of age is eligible to receive this marvelous secret, absolutely free.

SPECIAL NOTE: When you receive this supremely Natural Law, it will be the principle itself—not merely information about it or how to ultimately get it—you will possess it—there is nothing for you to buy. Are you fit or unfit to live? Test yourself by this Natural Law of Supreme Life and Health. Swoboda has priceless secrets for every human being who wishes to be happier, healthier, more vital and successful in a new degree.

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A CHANCE FOR UNKNOWN GIRLS — See page 13

Mo ekly

1923

She was
for HOL
until

k of Dad
glas
BANKS, Jr.

Gilda Gray
EDWARD THAYER MONROE

150